Week ending October 8 1955
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JOHN BULL

BEGINNING IN THIS ISSUE

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WHALE HUNT

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EDITORIAL

Cut-price crisis

In Britain today, there are said to be half a million jobs looking for men to do them. But in the midst of all this full employment, there is one big black patch of misery—the cotton industry.

King Cotton and his county—Lancashire—are being strangled while the rest of us enjoy the boom. The culprits are the vast cotton industries of Japan and India, whose cheap labour enables them to undercut Lancashire's prices for her textile goods.

The unfair competition is not restricted to the markets of the world; Britain is being flooded with cut-price textiles at the rate of a million and a half yards a day. Lancashire is being robbed of her home markets as well.

The pinch of this competition began in 1952. Today it has become a merciless throttling squeeze. This year alone more than fifty mills have had to close, and 22,000 workers have left the cotton industry. An average of seven more mills closes every month, others have put workers on part time—and there is a slow dwindling and paralysis of all other local trades which the loss of good cotton wages brings about.

SIR THOMAS BARLOW
"A calamity is happening"

Lancashire, in fact, is weakening before our eyes....

Mr. Charles Schofield, secretary of the Operative Spinners' Amalgamation, puts his union's point of view: "If the drift of manpower from the mills continues, textiles will have to be brought from abroad to meet the *home* demand."

Sir Thomas Barlow, president of Lancashire's regional development body, gives the employers' warning: "Our problem is to attract new industries to Lancashire. But most firms these days want to go to the Thames Valley. A great calamity is happening."

In fact, cotton is sliding back towards the slump days of the nineteen-thirties, when many one-industry towns nearly died—as did Jarrow in the north-east, Whitehaven in the north-west, Merthyr in South Wales.

Fortunately there are ways in which the government can and must help Lancashire to help herself.

One is to abolish purchase tax on British textiles—instead of merely reducing it, which Sir Raymond Streat, chairman of the Cotton Board, has described as "throwing a sop, not a lifebelt."

Another is to class the whole county, instead of only four towns as now, as a "development area"—the modern polite name for a distressed area. That would bring State aid in factory building as well as other Treasury loans.

And the third and most important is to stop the dumping in this country of cheap Oriental textiles. It is no use pleading "international and Commonwealth complications." The United States has not hesitated to raise tariffs against our bicycles in aid of a mere 14,000 American workers. We must get tough, too—to save a great county.

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fun and games

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FREE SPEECH

Why must we pay for the B.B.C.?

FOR several days I have been revelling in the joy of being able to choose between television programmes. I have been brought to earth by a reminder that my £3 licence fee is due.

What is the justification for paying this, now that we have independent TV? My money goes to the Post Office as a fee for "maintaining a wireless receiving station." Most of the £3 is then passed on to the B.B.C.

If independent television can give me free entertainment by getting revenue from advertising, it's high time that the B.B.C. charter was altered to allow it to do the same.

If I prefer to listen to independent programmes I am in fact paying the B.B.C. for the privilege.—D. O. SMITH, Putney.

Super Service

MR. COOPER ("Free Speech," September 10) need not go to Paris to find an obliging police force—we have an unsurpassable one here in England.

I wrote to the police at Winchester to ask them if they would recommend a suitable hotel. By return of post the police superintendent told me that a room had been booked at a hotel near the bus station.

This is real service, characteristic of Englishmen.—J. E. T., Cornwall.

Death By Suction

TALKING of catching flies ("Free Speech," September 17). I have spent many hours catching them with the aid of a suction vacuum cleaner. The "kill" has been enormous and less unsightly than trapping them on sticky paper.—B. J. EVANS, Willenhall, Staffs.

Vanished Russets

WHAT has happened to the juicy and delicious English Russet apples we used to enjoy years ago? A Cox's Orange Pippin hasn't a flavour to compare, yet it seems that the russets are not a commercial proposition.—MRS. M. DOWER, Dagenham, Essex.

"Russets are one of the oldest of English apples," says an expert, "but they are not very prolific and even in the old days grew mainly in private gardens. Also they do not store well."

Sign Of Default

IN Japan, householders often hang tags and badges on the doorposts of their homes, like the badge-and-pennant-conscious motorists in Britain. But their badges have a

practical purpose, for they tell everyone that the householder has been officially registered, has installed gas, electricity and sewerage, has been assessed by the tax authorities and has paid his radio licence. "I have paid" pennants might be a good idea for radio owners in Britain.—G. W. N. SKEE, Northallerton, Yorkshire.

Victimized Combs

IN forty years' experience I have never found a case of disease caused by lack of hygiene in a hairdressing saloon ("Free Speech," September 3). Why must Mr. W. D. pick on the poor comb? The chance of the vulcanite combs in use today carrying germs is negligible. Brushes, towels and sponges are the main items to look for, though hygiene standards in hairdressing are well ahead of the standards in cafés, restaurants and public houses.—H. GORDON, Holloway, London, N.7.

Beating The Scrawler

I SAW a heated discussion at a post office after a clerk asked a woman to rewrite her signature on a cheque before he would accept it for deposit. Surely a normal signature is sufficient, however indecipherable; or was the clerk correct to insist upon a clearer endorsement?—L. MCMAHON, Birmingham, 32.

. . . What was the *original* purpose of the little mirror to be found in most Post Office telephone boxes?—A. E. CLARKSON, Preston.

"Clerks have a responsibility to feel satisfied that cheques are paid in by the proper person," says the Post Office. "To ask for a clear signature is a reasonable request. The mirrors went into telephone boxes for two reasons—as an amenity, and to prevent defacement of bare walls by doodlers."

Shorter Hours

AS a housewife I shall be affected by any five-day week awarded to shop assistants, and I am puzzled by the suggestion that a shorter week would "bring shop employees into line with other workers." My sister works forty-eight hours a week in a hospital, my busman husband has a six-day week and my daughter works five and a half days as a civil servant.—MRS. H. TURNER, Evesham.

The normal working week for shop assistants has been fixed at forty-six hours, except for workers in the newsagents', tobacconists' and confectionery trades, who work forty-eight hours. Supporters of a five-day week have recognized the need to conform with differing conditions throughout the country.

Take Tea

THE story "The Grains Of Paradise" (JOHN BULL, September 10) recalls my experience in India when friends gave me fresh green peppers picked

CONTINUED ON PAGE 6

RAFAELLA

A delightful story by NINA WARNER HOOKE

She was a beautiful village girl. In Paris she'd be a sensation

IN JOHN BULL NEXT WEEK

The aroma alone is an invitation

What an invitation lies in that rich aroma. An invitation to a perfect pleasure. For that's what Cadbury's Drinking Chocolate is. It's pleasure, pleasure all the way from the first tempting whiff to the last delicious drop. Wonderfully rich. Velvety smooth. Truly chocolaty.

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CADBURY'S DRINKING CHOCOLATE

the luxury evening drink

FREE SPEECH

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 4

from a kind of vine in their garden. They told me that the peppers were good for the digestion, but copious draughts of water failed to relieve my burning throat, and I could taste the peppers—and nothing else—for a long time afterwards.

Later I found a remedy: a mouthful of hot tea removes the "sting" in a few minutes.—C. BURROUGH, Idle, Yorkshire.

Kingdom Recalled

PETER GOULLART'S *Forgotten Kingdom* revived many memories. I lived in Likiang thirty years ago and travelled through the country by mountain chair, carried by two or three men. I recall the beauty of the landscape—but also a depressing lack of loveliness in the towns and villages.

Once we had an escort of about a hundred militia, armed with pikes, bows and arrows, to guard us from robbers and brigands.—MRS. F. A. BELL, Croydon, Surrey.

Last Journey

SCAFFOLDING in a Hongkong street need not mean that building work is in progress. The children in my photograph seem oblivious of their playground's true purpose—the funeral progress of a body from an upstairs window of a house. The Chinese believe it is bad luck for the dead to start their last journey through the

door, and they will build scaffolding up to the ninth storeys of buildings, or higher, so that their relatives may pass in peace.—J. EYETT, Nottingham.

Grudging Approval

THE story of the Swiss marriage book ("Free Speech," September 3) reminds me of our return to Switzerland, after our wedding in England.

Registering with the local police, we could only produce our church marriage licence as proof that we were wed, and the police official had grave doubts about it because it had no stamp or seal.

The fact that my wife's passport still carried her maiden name confirmed his worst suspicions, and it was not until the Swiss Customs put a routine stamp on our licence that the policeman relented and our reputations were restored in his eyes.—H. D. PHILPS, Binningen Baselland, Switzerland.

Ironing The Frills

ITALIAN laundering irons like the one in "Guess What?" (JOHN BULL, September 3) were widely used in Scotland in my grandmother's time, and she would goffer the frills of her nightcaps and dresses. These frills were of broderie anglaise made and embroidered by herself. At one time hand embroidery was a minor industry in Ayrshire.—MRS. E. JAMIESON, Glasgow, C.3.

Wearing The Trousers

APPEALS from "the fairer sex" for fairer wages have echoed through the country, but a slightly bewildered male teenager finds one flaw in this doctrine: the girls are earning more than the men in my age group. A typist with a year's training can demand a minimum wage of £5, which goes up by as much as fifteen shillings after a two-month probationary period. Yet, after five years' schooling to gain seven subjects in the General Certificate of Education, the best I could find was a job offering £3 10s. a week, which has increased to £4 after a year.

Who are the future breadwinners of the nation? I am considering a course in domestic science.—D. MCKENZIE, Purley, Surrey.

Husband's Secret

THE plot of the story "The Trigamist" (JOHN BULL, September 3) is far from far-fetched. Until a year ago I worked for a firm which barred its male staff from marrying before the age of twenty-five. However, I married at twenty, and the complications of modern life made it rather hard to hide the fact. But my old bosses and colleagues still do not know the truth.—A. F. FORD, Bexleyheath, Kent.

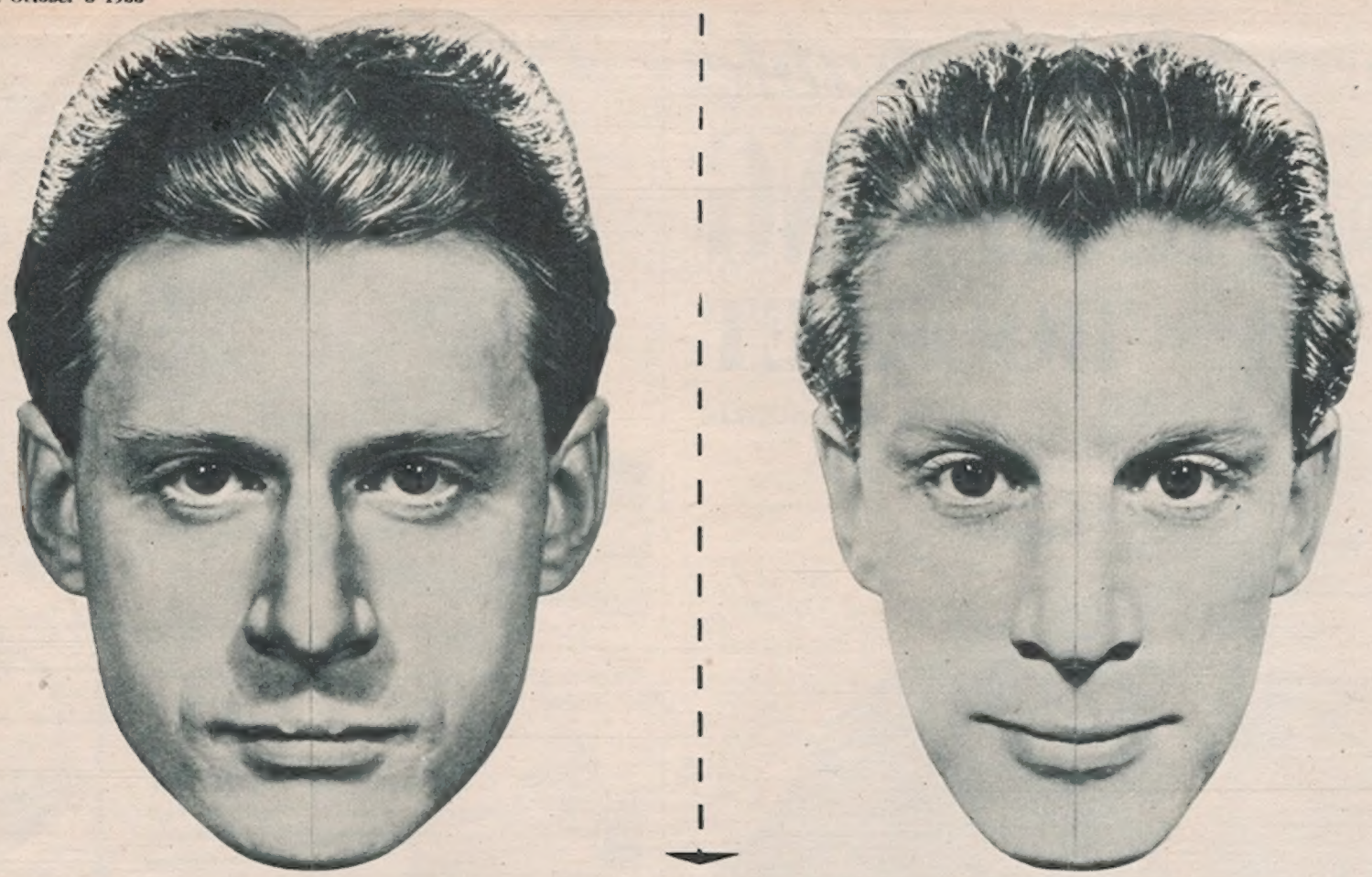
Hot Dog

ENJOYING a cup of tea in a house where I was working, I saw a smooth-haired terrier watching me intently. "He wants your cigarette," said the woman of the house. "When you've finished with it, throw it on the floor." This I did, and was surprised to see the dog stamp it out with his forepaws, and eat it. "He eats about two a week," said the woman. "They seem to be good for his coat."—R. W. BENFIELD, Birmingham.

John Bull pays one guinea for each letter published in "Free Speech," and at the usual rates for photographs. Readers with problems (other than medical) should write to the John Bull Free Advice Service, whose experts answer questions by post

THIS WEEK'S COVER

FOR a certain young lady the sunny world has shrunk into a shadowy canvas box, and school and skipping ropes have receded almost out of memory. Mays's cover schoolgirl probably spent an agonizing minute twiddling her shilling before she found the courage to venture inside. And now she sits in a new world of mystery, with eyes like saucers and a hat that is ready to fall at the brush of a black cat's tail. Whatever the message of the magical cards or the shapes reflected in the crystal ball this is a day she will remember—even though the fortune-teller's promise of a handsome stranger may vanish with the laughter of envious friends.



DOMINANT ? RECESSIVE ?

The face can tell

Psychologists say many of us have more than one side to our nature. We know this from experience. There's one side pulling us to go with the crowd and there's the side that wants us to be *different*—to be *ourselves*.

Thank goodness there's still plenty of freedom to make up our own minds, to make our own choice in this country. Even in such little things as choosing a cigarette (which may be quite important, mind, in a lifetime's smoking). So if you have the urge to smoke something different from the next man, make a change today with "THREES." THREES are made by State Express, who understand the making of good cigarettes; yet they cost no more. Stick to them for a week. Like all adult tastes, their charm is not all on the surface; it may take acquiring. But it is worth it, for the prospect of a lifetime's greater enjoyment.

EXPLANATION

By a trick of the camera the same face can be composed of two left sides or of two right sides, instead of a left and a right as in nature. To the Physiognomist, these photographs shed an interesting sidelight on one's character.

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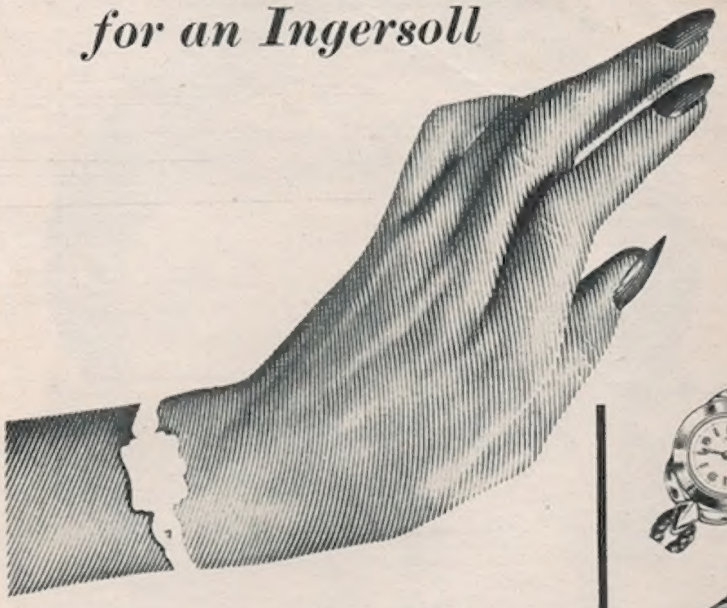

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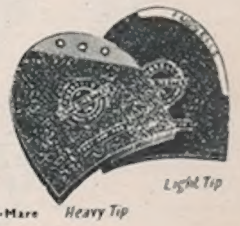

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A sparkling story of love and adventure—and treasure under the sea

Boy on a Dolphin

by **DAVID DIVINE**

ILLUSTRATED BY LAURENT

THE STREET WAS NEVER more than ten feet wide—the width of a donkey with two panniers of hay—and the houses in it were white. There was no other colour in the buildings save where a chapel dome was washed with blue or pink. In this street there were no chapels so that there was only a composition in tones of white, an interplay of white in planes.

A small boy was leading the donkey up the street from the sea—the donkey with the panniers. Mostly they blotted out the sun glitter on the water, but at times they let in a narrow play of blue light. Beyond them a child, a girl, stood

Pero looked at him. Her glance usually had an effect on young men—but not this time

in a halo of sunlight with the intimate aspect of an angel.

It was all white except where bougainvillea poured like a purple flood over a garden wall and where Pero sat on another wall, with an old Turkish rug thrown across the whiteness and the vivid colour of herself above it.

The donkey had almost reached her now, and Pero said quietly but in a clear voice: "Akastos, be careful, don't go too far. Is he still talking to the police?"

The small boy answered gravely: "With the Chief of Police."

From the garden below the girl a softer voice said: "I still think you're a fool to go on with it, Pero."

The donkey was passing now with the fragrant hay. Pero said: "It smells like heaven but it's full of red mites just the same."

"He is very angry," the boy said. "His voice is louder than it was this morning."

THE small girl started to life and began to walk towards them. At once the boy with the donkey turned back. The girl passed him and came on to where Pero sat. She said, not looking up: "I go to warn the boys with the stone."

"Is it a large stone?" asked Pero.

"A large, flat stone. It will make a great splash in the mud." She passed on, still looking astonishingly like an angel.

From below the woman said: "I'm sure you're not being wise, Pero. If your father hears. . . ."

"My father is in Athens. I am in Mykonos nearly two hundred kilometres from Athens, where I would rather be." Pero paused. "You don't understand, Maria. He is coming to see me. I am alone, a young girl. Am I not at a disadvantage? He is a professor. But I—" she made a little moué of self-deprecation "—I am scarcely educated."

"So you hire a small boy with a donkey to push him against a wall. What good will that do?"

"Listen! He is wearing a dark suit, which is ridiculous in this climate, yes?"

"Well. . . ?"

"He will get white all down the back of his suit from the whitewash. That will be embarrassing for him, yes?"

"Certainly, but . . ."

"He will have hay all over the front of his suit. That will be absurd, yes?"

"Pero, I . . ."

"From the hay he will, I hope, get red harvest mites. Then he will have to scratch. Education is no protection against the necessity to scratch." A gentle smile spread over her face. "It is necessary for a woman to prepare the ground beforehand when she has dealings with a man."

"For which man are you preparing the ground?" Maria's voice had taken on a slight acidity.

Pero laughed suddenly and deliciously. "Maria, you are sweet. I prepare the ground naturally for Guido. Listen! If this Englishman finds that the whole island is against him, and if I tell him that is because the island stands together against the injustice of the brute my father, and that only if Guido comes to assist him will there be peace, what will he do?"

"If he has any sense, though they have no passion—he will go straight back to Athens and tell your father."

"He will not," said Pero. "Not if I alone help him against the island. He is coming!"

A tall, dark-clad man strode round the corner determinedly. He was hatless and he had the air of being slightly dishevelled. From the garden Maria muttered: "He is wearing a dark suit because you arranged for his suitcase to be dropped in the water as he came ashore."

"Don't talk—now!" said Pero.

She bent forward a little, her lips slightly parted. The donkey was passing the man. Suddenly the hay panniers lurched. The man flattened himself against the wall. A pannier

Now they were close to the sea-bed. But all Calder saw were the ghostly arrows of fish and a

caught against him and some of the hay spilled. Then the donkey was gone.

The man stepped out into the road. With emphasis, without emotion, he said: "Damn and blast!"

"Everything," murmured Pero almost sadly, "will be all right."

She watched him as he approached, brushing himself vigorously. She sat quite still, her eyes tranquil, until he was almost level with her. Then she looked at him. The trick worked usually with younger men: it seemed to have no effect this time.

He lifted his hand as if to raise his hat, discovered that his hat was missing, and said in execrable Greek: "Good afternoon. I wonder if you could help me? I am looking for Miss Loustros."

Pero said in English: "Why, you must be Professor Calder! I'm Pero Loustros. I was hoping you'd come to see me."

Calder stood below the wall looking up. "I have a letter of introduction . . ." he began.

While he spoke she studied him in a quick, remorseless analysis. He was tall—six foot perhaps—slender, but not thin. He was old, of course, hair grey at the temples. But how old? She couldn't tell. His face was long and thin, an intellectual face, but an attractive face too. It was also, on the whole, she judged, an angry face. The eyes were brown.

She said winningly: "Won't you come in?"

"I'd be delighted," he replied grimly and began to move towards the door. "I had a small brush with a donkey"—he half turned—"down there. Perhaps you saw?"

"It happens," she answered vaguely. "It is, in a sense, a baptism to Mykonos. Here we learn to wait in the doorways. Otherwise it means whitewash on our backs."

"Oh, God! My back too?" He turned round awkwardly in a fruitless inspection.

"Push at the green door," said Pero earnestly.

"Get down from the wall now," whispered Maria. "It is not proper to receive him . . ."

"Oh! My legs—" Pero stretched them out to admire them "—I have a pride in my legs."

CALDER came into the garden. From the wall Pero said: "This is Maria. In England she would be my chaperon, in Spain my duenna, in Mykonos she is my jailer. She has no English."

Calder greeted her in Greek. Then he turned to Pero. "I would not have thought that there was such colour behind these walls. Perhaps"—a slow, faintly rueful smile lit up his face—"there is something behind the blank wall that Mykonos has shown to me so far."

The girl's face shadowed. It was admirably done. "But what has happened?" she demanded. And then, answering her own question, she went on: "They have not booked your room at the hotel to some other person? Oh! It happens! It happens with us too often."

Slowly, without heat, but very clearly, Calder said: "Miss Loustros, my suitcase was dropped in the sea as I landed last night. I was misdirected to the end of the quay. Not only was

barren emptiness of blue sand. He was disappointed—and angry with both the girl and himself

my room double booked, but there was a honeymoon couple in it. My hat disappeared from the rack downstairs at lunch-time. And in the room that I have to share, the plumbing . . ."

"Doesn't work," chimed in Pero with just exactly the right note of sympathy. "I was afraid you would say that. I have been afraid of it all along. It happens. . . ."

"Miss Loustros, I don't give a damn about the plumbing. Where—is—Archimandros?"

"Gone!" Pero clapped the palms of her hands together with a gesture of finality. "I know. It is the last camel."

"Straw," said Calder automatically. "Miss Loustros, do you know . . ."

"Yes," said Pero helpfully, "he has gone to Crete. He left yesterday morning."

A look of pain flickered on Calder's face. "Miss Loustros," he said, "I am authorized by the Department of Historical Research to conduct an underwater survey of the wreck of a classical vessel reported by you and Signor Guido Torcelli on August sixteenth. I will make that survey even if the whole island is against me. How can I get in touch with Archimandros?"

Pero lifted her charming hands, "I do not know," she said. "But—is it necessary to have Archimandros?"

"I have read the report that you and Signor Guido Torcelli wrote." Calder said patiently. "I gather that you were both semi-conscious when Archimandros picked you up."

"Drunk," the girl murmured dreamily, "drunk—a special drunkenness. We stayed under water too long, the depth was too great. The nitrogen in the blood . . ."

Unfeelingly Calder interrupted. "You made it clear that you had no precise fix of the site, but that Archimandros, with his knowledge of the currents. . . ."

"We will do without Archimandros," said Pero with sudden determination. The dreaminess was gone. "I will guide your diver—myself!"

Calder looked at her with a faint bewilderment. "I do my own diving."

"Oh!" In the sharp syllable there was a sudden wealth of honesty. Before it was irrevocable, however, Pero saw Calder's fingers slip between the buttons of his shirt. A gentle scratching began. She knew now what she needed to say. "If you will come to dinner tonight—if you will bring a chart—I will help you."

Calder accepted the note of dismissal in her voice even as he caught the direction of her eye. The scratching stopped abruptly. He said: "Thank you. I—I think I ought to go."

He left the house. Pero watched him disappear beyond the corner. A moment later there was a deep, liquid sound, and she heard his voice high for the first time and quite definitely loud: "*Im*beciles!"

Pero waited peacefully till Calder returned. As he reached her he said: "The timing was absolutely perfect."

"Oh! You have had an accident."

He shook his head. "Not an accident—no, *def*initely not an accident!" He indicated the mud on his trousers. "Owing to the fact that my suitcase was dropped in the water I have nothing into which to change. I wonder if I might ask you to dine with me at the hotel?"

Pero shook her head sadly. "It is not possible."

"Not possible?" Calder looked puzzled.

"I am in exile because of Guido Torcelli and the unreasonableness of my father," she said with a gentle pathos. "Mykonos is my Elba."

"I still don't see why you shouldn't come to the hotel."

"The hotel belongs to the outside world," explained Pero sorrowfully. "It is not of Mykonos. My father has placed a ban. . . ."

"In that case," said Calder, "I will run the gauntlet. Would it be safer for me to go this way or back the way I came?"

"This way—there is no danger," said Pero. "We of Mykonos are a peace-loving people."

Calder disappeared. Mykonos fell back upon its ancient and inscrutable peace. Across it Pero heard after a moment the footfalls of the police.

"Miss Pero," said the Chief of Police sternly.

"Micon!" Pero interrupted him with grief. "Since I was a child you have called me Pero."

"I have not known you since you were a child," said Micon bluntly. "You were twelve when you first came to the island and you were a finished devil then. You told me that this man was a grave robber. What do I find? He is a professor—of Cambridge—nothing less. He has papers signed by the minister, by your father, by . . . I do not know. My post—it is already forfeit. I told him I would not give permission for the conduct of operations. . . ."

"And what did he say?"

"He said—I have noted the words with exactness—he said 'You damn well will!'"

Behind the Chief of Police three small boys arrived with a waiter from the hotel, a fisherman, two girls and suddenly a flood of women, followed by the child who looked like an angel.

The Chief of Police pointed a finger at her and said: "Go away, Theodoree, before I . . ."

Demosthenes Koumoundorou appeared. He had a genius for audiences—he was an orator. His voice boomed across the chaos. He dealt with the Professor at once, he dealt with the police, he went on to deal with his classic theme—the necessities of Mykonos. Other islands had their fame: Tinos had its Panaghia, Samothraki had its Winged Victory, Milos had its Venus. Mykonos had nothing but its windmills.

"Mykonos," said Pero from the wall above them—and even Demosthenes was silent for a moment—"Mykonos shall have its statue!"

In the hot clear air of the night the stars came down to the sea and joined in the brilliance of the lights of the inter-island boat. A caique with the first of her passengers was thudding in towards the mole. Everyone in Mykonos who was not sitting at the tables of the *tavernas* was waiting at the barriers—everyone except Pero.

For the twentieth time Calder wondered precisely what an American newspaper man would look like.

The first six people off the boat were German. The next five were clearly Greek. A single man followed them, tall, thrustful-looking, incisive. He wore an American tie. Unfortunately, as Calder discovered, he spoke no English.

Madden was the last man off the boat—a short man, slender, slow-moving, wearing a beret. Calder allowed four people to greet him as "Meester Madden" before he introduced himself.

They were level with the little chapel of St. Nicholas by then. Madden looked at it fondly. "Had another coat of whitewash," he said. "Sorry I wasn't at Athens to connect with you, Doctor Calder, but my office couldn't locate me."

Calder said: "No, I quite understand. It's

This was it—the treasured statue of the Boy Jockey. Guido turned and saw a glitter in the millionaire's eyes

been something of a rush. You know Mykonos then?"

"Sure I know it." Madden sniffed at the soft midnight air appreciatively.

"And did you find it hostile the first time?"

"No." Madden shook his head slowly and looked at Calder. "Did you?"

"I did," replied Calder emphatically.

"So-o?" The long-drawn monosyllable had a coaxing sound. "And what form did the hostility take?"

Calder drew a deep breath. "My suitcase was dropped in the water as I landed, my room was double-booked. . . ." Without heat he catalogued his vicissitudes.

"And was no one here friendly?" Madden asked.

"Miss Loustros," Calder answered, "is being most helpful. I dined there tonight. She has promised to do what she can tomorrow, but in the absence of Archimandros I am afraid . . ."

Madden asked: "Would that be Miss Pero Loustros?"

"Yes," said Calder.

"Oh!"

Calder looked at him. "Why 'Oh!'?"

"By and large," said Madden thoughtfully, "I would have expected Mykonos to be helpful and Pero hostile."

"I see." Calder's brow furrowed as they walked up the path towards the brilliantly-lit entrance to the hotel.

When they reached it he said: "I used your room last night, the suggestion is that another bed should be put in it for tonight. Would you have any objections?"

"No."

They went through the doorway together. Madden leaned his elbows on the high reception desk and said to the girl behind it: "Thera, my small but well-covered partridge, what is this nonsense about Professor Calder's room?"

In perfectly good English—and Calder remembered with a gentle bitterness that she had spoken only bad French the night before—the girl replied: "It was a mistake, Mr. Madden. There was a honeymoon couple in the Professor's room. It was late when he arrived. Would you have had us move them?"

"Yes," said Madden dispassionately. "Send us up a plate of sandwiches and a bottle of Monexilete."

The wine had arrived before he asked Calder: "Could you tell me what all this is about?"

"If I had the faintest idea, I'd tell you. All I know is that it started from the instant I reached the quay."

"No. I meant the wider picture." As Calder looked at him blankly, Madden went on: "Maybe I should explain. My office likes to save on cable charges. All I got was a message saying"—he pulled out a telegraph form—"Cover Calder underwater exploration Mykonos."

"I see," Calder said. "In effect, then, you don't know why you're here?"

"No," said Madden patiently.

"It's quite simple really. Miss Loustros and a friend of hers discovered the wreck of a ship lying in approximately twenty fathoms of water in the approaches to Delos. They reported it to the authorities in Athens as the wreck of a vessel of classical times."

"Why?"

"I take it because the first thing that they saw was a group of seven amphorae."

"No, I meant why did they report it?"

"Naturally they reported it." Calder hesitated for a second. "Public spirit."

"How well do you know Pero?"

"I—I dined with her this evening, but I only met her for the first time this morning."

"And what do you think of her?"

Calder's brow furrowed for a moment. "She is very young." He had a sharp mental picture of the girl, the small beautifully-shaped head, the careless urchin hair, the lithe, graceful body. "She is very full of life and full of ideas. But not perhaps quite adult. . . ."

"No?"

Calder looked at him suspiciously, but Madden added nothing to the monosyllable.

They were both quiet for a little. Then Madden asked: "And where do I come in?"

"Your newspaper is financing this preliminary survey," Calder replied gratefully. "It was decided that you should deal with the news story."

Madden refilled the glasses. "A local wine of merit," he said gravely. "And so Pero has discovered a classical wreck. Would the name of her friend be, by any chance, Torcelli?"

"Yes," said Calder. "Guido Torcelli."

"And where do you come in?" asked Madden.

"Three years ago I found the fragment of a Greek parchment in the binding of an eleventh-century missal—" Calder paused for a moment. "Island legends . . . the story of two ships that set out to race from Volos with statues for the sacred precinct on Delos. Poseidon sank one of them off Artemision, the other went on, always seeing a sail astern of it. 'And they were as men who had drunk beyond the measure with the knowledge of victory, for they could see upon the sea rim the sacred peak of Cythnos, and they poured wine to Apollo and laughed.'"

A CURIOUS tension had grown in the little room. Quietly Madden pushed the bottle across. Calder, staring out at the dark sea, quoted again: "'Beneath the sun-glittered water the loud-bellowing lord of the trident moved and the wave rose. The wine-dark ocean was rent with white spray, and on the shore the priests of Apollo and the maidens tore the white cloths of their office.'"

"And she sank?" asked Madden.

"Within sight of the priests," agreed Calder.

"And?"

"They found the statue off Artemision. You

CAPTAIN OF HUNGARY

FERENC PUSKAS, Europe's most spectacular footballer, tells his own story . . . from his barefoot childhood when, too poor to buy a ball, he played with a bundle of rags . . . to the world championship, when "extra time" was a dressing-room battle with fists and broken bottles.

The pioneer of the new-style game now reveals the Hungarian master-plan that runs old-fashioned football off its feet. He begins his brilliant series . . .

IN JOHN BULL NEXT WEEK

Puskas (front right) leads Hungary in last year's World Championship finals

know the Boy Jockey in the National Museum at Athens?" Madden nodded. "He wasn't a jockey—he was riding a dolphin. He was the follower of the young Apollo."

"You think . . . ?"

"That the young Apollo sank within sight of the island."

The newspaper man whistled softly. "I think," he said, "that that calls for the other bottle."

THE boat had a lamp in its bows. Underneath the lamp was a pool of translucent water and behind it was the figure of a young man with his spear poised. It moved very slowly past the restaurant built out over the water of Phaleron Bay. The couples dancing on the overcrowded floor took no notice of it. Only Nicomachos watched it, sitting crouched at the table at the edge of the rail like a vulture waiting.

Torcelli said: "Did we come here to watch the fishing or was there anything else?"

"There was something else."

"Such as?"

"Such as another form of fishing."

"There are—" the younger man leaned back in his seat "—there are a lot of other forms of fishing."

"These fellows—" Nicomachos looked out over the water with a faint flicker of contempt "—look down from the top of the water. There is more profit below—say, with the Cousteau apparatus."

"Would you like to be more definite?" said Torcelli.

"Right!" Nicomachos nodded. "Supposing somebody went swimming under the water off Delos?"

The younger man gave no sign of surprise. "Why Delos?" he asked.

"I can think of many reasons. The one that matters is that you have been swimming off Delos."

"A lot of people swim off Delos."

"I am not interested in a lot of people," Nicomachos said. "I am interested in you. *You* have been swimming off Delos. We need not play any longer. Off Delos you have found something—I do not know what—I suspect that it is the wreck of an early ship. In that wreck you have found something that is worth while. Now listen and don't be a child any more. There is money in this. If you have found something that is worth while, I can market it for you."

"What do you mean by market?" demanded Torcelli.

"Market," said Nicomachos patiently, "sell, exchange for drachmas or lire or dollars or pounds—money!"

They were silent for a long minute.

"Much money?" Torcelli asked.

"Very much," said Nicomachos, "for the right thing!"

"What is the right thing?"

"Anything that will look well in the library of a millionaire." He looked intently at the boy. "A room, you understand, that is open only to his friends."

Torcelli nodded. "And what is 'very much'?"

The other man's eyes glinted. "The limit is the value in the open market. There is no open market. There is a law against exporting objects of archaeological value from this country. You are not a Greek, you are Italian. Nobody has yet been extradited from his own country for breaking a law about archaeology. Am I right?"

"You may be," answered the other. "And now what's to prevent me throwing you over the rail into the water?"

Nicomachos grinned across the table. "Listen! You're twenty, you have about ten thousand drachmas in the bank, you get an allowance of two thousand five hundred drachmas a month from your mother, you spend fifteen hundred a month more than that, and you won't finish your courses at the university until the year after next. You want to marry Pero Loustros. Listen to what I am offering you! You can get enough money from my client to stop bothering about the university. You understand?"

"Who," asked the boy, "is your client?"

Nicomachos sighed wearily. "It does not matter," he said. "Only the money matters. It would buy two first-class air tickets to New York or to London. The matter of passports could be arranged. It could cover a lot more than that too—for the right sort of thing."

Torcelli hesitated. Then he said bluntly: "I will take three days to think it over."

"You will not. An English professor went out to Mykonos on Thursday afternoon."

For the first time Torcelli was obviously shaken. "I did not know. . . ." he began.

"You may think it over until tomorrow. After that there will be no time to think." Nicomachos rose abruptly. "I am going back to Athens. I will be at a table at Flocas tomorrow at twelve o'clock—exactly. Go and join that party over there. They're friends of yours."

The boy shrugged his shoulders and walked over to another table. One of the party pulled out a chair for him. A girl said: "How much did he buy you for, Guido? If Pero's father hears that you've been dining with. . . ."

"He'll hear." Torcelli helped himself to someone ele's glass and poured out a measure of wine. "He hears everything."

"He won't care about Nicomachos," somebody said. "Nicomachos is only a small-time operator."

Another voice broke in: "How was he able to get away from his latest racket?"

"What *is* his latest racket?"

"Tours in the classical byways for wealthy foreigners."

"Does he get many?"

"As many as he wants," the girl said.

"Who's he got now?"

"A Swede," she replied.

Torcelli had considerable difficulty in keeping his voice even. "Matches or iron?"

"I wouldn't know," she said. "Just a Swede."

"IF you *prefer* tea in the early morning," said Madden with an immense tolerance, "that's your affair." He pulled the bottle towards him as if to accentuate the point. "At what time does Pero propose to start 'guiding' you?"

"I said I'd collect her at eight o'clock."

"Sure," said Madden, "we'll collect her at eight o'clock. Let's have it again. She doesn't know where they dived, she doesn't remember how long they were under water, and she can't remember where she was picked up, but it was somewhere off the north-eastern end of Delos."

Calder nodded.

Madden picked up the chart. "Okay. Now the point is, where?"

"I've ruled out everything down to the ten-fathom line," said Calder. "The sponge divers can reach sixty feet without too much difficulty. They'd have found the ship if it was there. Anyway, the report said twenty fathoms."

"How far down could Pero go, d'you think?"

"There's no reason why she shouldn't go down to twenty-five fathoms," answered Calder slowly. "She's got good equipment and at a guess I'd say she was tough."

"She's tough," Madden confirmed slowly.

"This pencil line"—Calder put his finger on the

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Mike Ansell is blind, but his instinctive flair for pageantry has turned show jumping from an exclusive sport into a spectacle that draws thousands of half-crown fans

Horse showman

by ANTONY FERRY

FIFTY MINUTES before the opening of the 1953 King's Cup competition at the International Horse Show, a thunderstorm broke over the White City Stadium near Shepherds Bush. Within seven minutes the green oval of the course was turned into a lake.

In the control tower above the empty stands one telephone after another began to jangle. But they remained unanswered while a tall blind man named Mike Ansell sat by himself, making up his mind.

Within the hour more than 35,000 people were expected to fill the stands. Horses from ten nations would be competing for a trophy to be presented by the Queen as B.B.C. television cameras carried the show into eight million homes.

An official of London Transport had postponement signs ready to be put up in the main Underground stations. The B.B.C. had a substitute film ready, and every steward in the stadium suggested that King's Cup night be called off.

But Ansell had made up his mind, and began answering the telephones. "We are doing the show," he said briskly, and almost at once the stadium came to life. A detachment of men from the Household Cavalry was ordered to dump forty-eight tons of slag on the flooded course. Ansell felt in a cupboard for his raincoat and gumboots, then he rang for a steward to lead him outside.

Foxhunter Won The Cup

At seven the show opened, one of the finest competitions since the war. And shortly after ten past nine, Foxhunter won the King George V gold cup for England.

"I dread to think what might have happened if I had put off Foxhunter's performance, even for a day," Ansell said later.

"In fact," says the Duke of Beaufort, Vice-Patron of the British Show Jumping Association, "he didn't dread it at all. Colonel Mike thrives on crisis, and responsibility exhilarates him. If he is not leading, he is just bored."

At forty-nine, with only four years of show organizing behind him, Lieutenant-Colonel "Mike" Picton Ansell, C.B.E., D.S.O., is chief designer of two of the biggest horse shows in the world. He manages the Horse of the Year Show at Harringay as well as the International Show at the White City. Neither one, he believes, will be any good unless he is faced with a new crisis at every performance.

Most of his year is spent planning two shows which last two weeks, but he also finds time to be chairman of the B.S.J.A., governing body of the sport; he helps select teams to compete at Olympic and other events, he oversees most of

"Colonel Mike" is directly connected with nearly a thousand horse shows each year. At Taunton's Jumping Festival, he gives an award to Pat Smythe

JOHN BULL PHOTOGRAPHS BY ARTHUR WHITTINGTON

the spending, plans team training himself, and is an honorary director of the British Horse Society, which administers riding and pony clubs. He is connected with nearly a thousand horse shows in Britain every year, and helps with the registration of eight thousand horses and ponies that either jump or are shown at them. Privately, he runs his own market garden, growing flowers and seeds in North Devon.

But his favourite concerns are the two big shows, which his cavalry officer's background has turned into major events worthy of competition with football. By injecting a kind of tattoo-precision into horse jumping, which used to be notorious for its lack of timekeeping, and surrounding horses and men with a special brand of pageantry, he has made them both make a profit for the first time in their history.

During one competition at Harringay the horses were jumping so well that the next event started two minutes ahead of schedule. Ansell slowed up the starting bell by thirty seconds for each of the next four horses. He had the fifth horse jumping on time when it suddenly toppled an impressive hurdle that took almost two minutes to set up again.

Aided by an uncanny ability to "see" what is going on around him, Ansell hustled the stewards until the programme was back on time. He left the arena jubilant and called to ask how the show looked to the television cameramen.

"It was a flop, Colonel," the producer said. "That last jump was ten seconds off. We just missed training the cameras on Pat Smythe for the close of the programme."

Boosted Attendances

Ansell's efforts are dedicated to what he calls "the greater enjoyment of the horse" by the largest number of people. He has lured what he calls his "half-crowners" into patronizing a sport once reserved for landed gentry and army officers. His friends say that the blind colonel works by a guiding rule: he produces his shows "for the eye."

Ansell has raised attendance at the White City from 68,000 to 110,000 in five years. He forced the show to pay for itself the first year he took over and now has a budget of £30,000 to stage it, and about £19,000 to put into the Harringay show. The profits from each, now well over £2,000 a year, go back into expansion.

Sometimes Ansell cuts deeply into tradition to boost attendance. During an early rehearsal at Harringay, some stewards took the part of judges so that the cup presentations could be timed. As they marched into the ring Ansell waved them back. "People aren't interested in *that*," he said. "We'll give one cup in the arena. The rosettes can be pinned on in the stables if they like."

"For the sake of a faster-paced show," a steward once said, "he would sacrifice everything but the horses."

As show manager, Ansell is responsible for everything from the music to the kind of stopwatch that will be used. With miniature hurdles to guide him, he designs the courses himself and has ordered as many as thirty changes in a single afternoon.

His taste for visual effect can be expensive. When he took on the staging of the indoor Horse of the Year Show he remembered some of the dismal prewar productions which he had attended as a rider before he lost his sight. He called up Robert Dean, a man famous for lighting up the faces and figures of West End stars. "I need a man who can do the same flattering things for my horses," said Ansell.

"The horse," he often says, "is the greatest star performer you can find anywhere. Unlike some actresses, the horse always tries to give its best."

Though he no longer slips handbills into people's laundry bags, Ansell applies the same showmanlike principles to advertising. On goodwill alone, he has made show jumping such a general topic of conversation that it once got into the living-room of the B.B.C. family serial, *The Archers*. It took Christine Archer two programmes to decide to attend the Horse of the Year Show, and another programme to make up her mind which boy friend would take her.

By his organizing, and through window displays which he wheedles out of the shops that sell jodhpurs and saddles, along with other stock, Ansell has raised show jumping to run a close second to athletics in the gain of popularity since the war. The membership of the British Show Jumping Association has increased from four hundred to 5,400 since Ansell became its chairman.

For his services to British equestrianism, he was given the C.B.E. in 1951. It is a distinction he values next to the D.S.O., which he was awarded when a shell blast severely injured his hands and destroyed his sight at the battle of St. Valery in 1940.

Couldn't Bear To Watch

On the afternoon of the Olympic finals in Helsinki, Ansell was sitting in the stands having the scene described to him by Captain and Mrs. Webber, two of his friends. Harry Llewellyn was taking Foxhunter over the last hurdles. The atmosphere was so tense that Mrs. Llewellyn could not bear to watch.

Several jumps before the last, with Captain Webber still wrapped up in describing the scene, the blind colonel jumped up and shouted at the top of his voice, "We've won, we've won!"

Foxhunter finished his last leap and seconds later the Finnish band struck up "God Save The Queen." No one else realized so quickly that England had won the Grand Prix des Nations and an Olympic gold medal.

Colonel Ansell first began to dream of putting "sold out" signs outside Harringay and the White City when he was a prisoner-of-war in Germany. The son of a famous polo player, he joined the Fifth Inniskilling Dragoon Guards, his father's regiment, in India. On March 6, 1940, he became commander of the Lothians and Border Yeomanry—at thirty-four the youngest commanding officer in the British Army.

On July 12 he was wounded and taken prisoner. The next three years were spent in France and Germany, where he knitted to restore the use of his right hand.

When he was repatriated in 1943 he rejoined his wife, Victoria, and they converted a five-acre estate in Bideford, Devon, into a profitable market garden for flowers and seeds.

Sight Partly Restored

A series of operations only partly restored the use of one eye, but Ansell was so overjoyed with his progress that he took up smoking for the sheer pleasure of seeing the smoke.

In 1945 he was invited to become chairman of the B.S.J.A. A year later a British team left to compete in Nice and Rome.

Bending over a frame in his garden one afternoon in 1946, he realized that his sight had completely failed him. But his market garden had become self-sustaining, and he was able to come to London frequently to turn his mind to the horse. It was in 1951 that he took on the managership of the two big shows.

Recently, "Colonel Mike" wanted a change from his indoor work, and decided to try his hand casting for salmon in a stream near his home. A family friend watched his first attempts and offered to pay £1 into the International Olympic Games Equestrian Fund for each salmon he hooked.

In the first ten days a gillie named Charlie who accompanied him took four prize catches off his line. Two of the salmon were hard-fighting fourteen-pounders, which have to be turned back to the man who owns the fishing rights. But Ansell keeps fishing. He has found a pleasant way of raising more money for his show-jumping.

THE END

Harry Llewellyn talks to Ansell at a Devonshire show. In Helsinki, Ansell was first to appreciate Britain's triumph and joyfully cried "We've won!"

At their Bideford home Ansell's children help to clean the harnesses. Their father's interests include angling and a flourishing market garden

In unison they're praising Dari-Rich. *Caley au lait!* they yodel—for full-cream milk mixed with Caley chocolate. *Caley au lait-itee!*—for the chocolates themselves, centred with strawberry, truffle, caramel, cokernut, nut log, all that's most tempting... *Encore!* they sigh, when the box is empty.

CALEY

make wonderful chocolates

Brian Rix laughs longest

by JOHN SANDILANDS

London's youngest actor-manager takes his comedy seriously. But it's still funny after five years

AS THE CURTAIN CAME DOWN at the end of a performance of the army farce, *Reluctant Heroes,* at the Whitehall Theatre three years ago, actor-manager Brian Rix barged past members of the cast, raced through the wings and stationed himself behind the door leading to the front stalls.

Still in the shapeless battledress and vast boots which he wore for his part as Gregory, the gormless Lancashire recruit, he waited impatiently for his business manager, Bill Raynor, who had been sitting in the stalls.

When Raynor appeared, Rix confronted him with a face filled with anxiety—his cast call it his "shot rabbit expression"—and asked: "Did she laugh?"

"All the time," Raynor replied. Rix gave a toothy grin and tramped off to his dressing-room whistling happily.

The object of his concern had been Dame Sybil Thorndike, who was paying a visit to the theatre. Worried about the theatrical grand-dame's reaction to the show's broad comedy, he had insisted on Raynor sitting immediately behind her for an eye-witness account.

Rix, a thickset Yorkshireman with a ruddy complexion and a cowlick quiff, keeps an apprehensive eye on the reception of the lusty farce that has become the stock-in-trade of the Whitehall Theatre. The obvious popularity of his offerings does little to allay his doubts.

When Emanuel Shinwell, then War Minister, paid a visit to *Reluctant Heroes,* Rix worried because the script called for one disgruntled recruit to deliver the line: "I'll write to Mr. Shinwell tonight." He instructed one of his staff to explain to the Minister that the line was a permanent part of the dialogue and had not been added because he was attending.

Shinwell enjoyed the show and afterwards posed for photographs with members of the cast. Encouraged, Rix sent an invitation to Field-Marshal Montgomery but was downcast when the Field-Marshal's A.D.C., sent to vet the show, decided that it was not quite Lord Montgomery's meat.

At thirty-one the youngest of London's small band of actor-managers, Rix has guided the fortunes of the theatre for five years with a measure of financial success that few West End managements have approached in the same period. Fighting a winning battle with television for a largely similar public, his productions

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At the Whitehall Theatre, the cast of *Dry Rot* shut Rix out of the lift taking them to their dressing-rooms. He doesn't mind being typed as a "gump" as long as he continues to get laughs

TROUBLE AT RODERICK STREET

by F. W. HOLIDAY

ILLUSTRATED BY BILL CHAMBERLAIN

"Keep your distance, copper!" the man with the gun snarled. Alec took another step, very, very slowly . . .

SUPERINTENDENT MCGILL took charge of the case himself. As he came into the crowded room, tall and spruce in his uniform, everyone rose to their feet. When he had sat down behind the desk there was a quiet scuffle of chairs as people resumed their seats. After a deferential pause Inspector Ross sat down beside him. For a moment there was silence; then the superintendent looked up.

"You all know why you're here. Two of the McFadden boys have nested-up in a tenement off Roderick Street. We've got reasons for thinking they carry a Sten gun. They're a tough mob and may shoot, and that's why you've been called in. One of them is wanted for manslaughter and the other faces the full book of preventive detention, so they've not much to gain by coming quietly. They're bottled up and they're going to sit tight until we go in and get 'em. That's our job tonight."

He paused to press his moustache with a very white handkerchief. "Inspector Ross here will detail you. Has anybody any questions?"

There was a silence filled with the restless movement of boots and drawn breaths. Finally a bull-necked policeman, recently off a country beat, decided it was time he made an impression before this gathering. He got to his feet.

"Roderick Street's awfu' crowded wi' houses, sir," he said. "If shooting starts. . . ."

The superintendent gave him a cold stare.

"Thank you, constable, but that sort of thing's routine. All surrounding houses have been cleared. Anything else, anybody?"

This time the silence was absolute. Inspector Ross leaned over: "I've put a newish man on this duty list, sir. Don't know whether you approve. His name's Neil."

The superintendent nodded and glanced up. "Which is Neil?"

Awkwardly Alec got up and went over and stood before the desk. The superintendent looked at him dispassionately and he felt his ears reddening. He said: "I'm Neil, sir."

"The inspector tells me you're fairly new. Well, this is an aspect of police work that calls for more than just a working knowledge of procedure. Sure you want to come along?"

Alec's hesitation was impossible to detect. "Yes, sir. Very much."

"National Service?"

"Yes, sir. Three years—Black Watch."

"Box?"

Here Inspector Ross broke in. "I've seen him. He's a damned useful middle-weight, sir."

"A little," Alec said, looking at the chequered band on the superintendent's cap.

"Good! Take you on sometime. All right—that's all. Sit down, Neil."

As Alec turned and went back to his seat the inspector murmured: "Arms," and his superior nodded and addressed the gathering again.

"This is important, so listen carefully. You'll each draw a revolver and ammunition. These are strictly for your own protection. They are to be used only after a direct order either from me or the inspector or in the event of violent resistance by the prisoners. Let them open fire if they want to; after that you'll get instructions soon enough. Remember that our job is to arrest and detain, not to sentence." He nodded curtly. "That's all. Carry on, inspector. We've got about ten minutes left."

As he went out someone behind Alec said: "The old devil. They used to call him Razor Bill in Glasgow. He was pretty heavy on the razor boys. Ever notice that scar on his chin? The guy that gave him that got twelve years."

The inspector took control then and frowned over at them. "All right, you men. This is how the cars are allocated. . . ."

While the inspector's voice ran on, Alec looked down at the fists on the knees of his trousers. So they were sending him in to get the McFadden boys were they? What did it matter—what did anything matter—when the world was upside down? He shivered slightly and tried to concentrate on what the inspector was saying. He ought to be drinking in every word instead of sitting there in a daze.

HE tried to force his thoughts back to the job in hand but the effort was so difficult he began to sweat in panic. He was not in a fit state for this. If he went and explained everything to McGill would the superintendent understand? For a moment he imagined himself standing before the Super with those colourless eyes fixed on him like buttons.

The Old Man would say curtly: "Trouble, Neil? What sort of trouble?"

Then he would have to explain. He'd have to tell how they'd carried Kathy out of the little furnished flat that morning. On the stretcher she'd looked paler than he'd ever known her. He'd have to tell how, as the double-doors of the ambulance clicked shut, the doctor had patted him on the shoulder.

"You did the right thing to call me. Some people would have hesitated and wasted time. You acted quite rightly."

"Is it . . . ? Will she . . . ?" The words had stuck in his throat.

The doctor had steered him gently up the steps and through the main door.

"Nature plays strange tricks sometimes, Mr. Neil. Unkind tricks. I believe your wife will be safe, but I can't say anything about the child until I see the X-ray plates. Suppose both of us withhold judgment until we see what Providence has in store?"

"I'll get to the hospital," Alec had said dazedly.

The doctor shook his head. "No. You'll only be in the way and you can do nothing. A difficult maternity case often takes time. If you're wanted I'll see to it that you're told at once. Meantime, my advice is to carry on with your job. Don't worry more than you can help because I fancy that this is going to turn out all

They fought in silence, the bandit and the

police chief. Alec watched as they threshed and struggled at the top of the stairs. He did not move. But he knew the next move was up to him

right. Things usually do turn out all right, you know."

Alec had looked at his watch helplessly. "I'm supposed to be on duty at four. . . ."

"Then that's fine," the doctor said. "You get along on duty and just remember that a highly-trained team of people are giving your wife the best attention. Will you do that?"

Well, he had done that. He'd come on duty. But now, here in this dingy room in the police station, he was wondering if he could carry on.

The inspector's voice was saying: "In the third car—Stevens, Webb, Neil, McCallister . . ." and as he heard his name Alec looked up. He must make his decision now. A few words with the superintendent and he'd be free to go and worry the hospital for information which he knew they couldn't give him. He'd be free to pace a room or to buy himself a few drinks until he was past worrying one way or the other. Free to show everybody that the first shock of real misfortune had thrown him all of a heap.

Which was it to be? Roderick Street or a word with McGill? Stand up and fight, or lie down and cry? When he saw it like that he knew there could only be one answer.

Inspector Ross who was standing in a corner issuing revolvers wondered idly why P.C. Neil's fists were clenched as he stepped forward. . . .

RODERICK STREET was in the old part of the town. Backed by the river and surrounded by streets of old dank tenements it was high up on the demolition list. On dry days children squatted on the steep flights of steps like small ship-wrecked mariners waiting to be rescued. Some day, when the council's bulldozers arrived, perhaps they would be rescued.

As the police cars whispered to a halt a clock across the river struck eleven. A slight drizzle had set in and Alec shivered at the rawness of the night as he climbed out on to the greasy pavement. Deep in his overcoat pocket he could feel the lumpy bulge of the revolver.

Looking along the deserted brick canyon with its occasional pools of yellow street-light he thought that this was the most dismal dump he'd ever set eyes on. Presently a figure came out of an alley and went up to the superintendent. It was one of the plain-clothes men reporting.

McGill gathered his force all round him in a bunch.

"This is the house—the middle one of the block. Where's Inspector Ross?"

Ross moved closer in the semi-darkness. "Here, sir."

"You'll take the back entrance. Got that? Go in as soon as you're ready. I'll look after the front with Sergeant Bright. We'll meet you inside somewhere. If they start a shooting-match drop back to the door and leave them

Continued on page 38

These well-dressed shoppers in Ankara are citizens of the modern commercial world. Every year, more peasants join their ranks. Every year, Hopkins was

CROSSROADS OF THE WORLD: The threat of bankruptcy hangs over Turkey's boom. Only dollars can pull her out of the red

The bustling optimists borrow prosperity

by HARRY HOPKINS

BACK ON THE ISTANBUL quayside the crowd still stood, watching and waving occasionally, as the S.S. Tirhan, of the Turkish state shipping line, cast off and slipped away down the Bosphorus on her regular run down the Black Sea coast.

Already, as we stood at the ship's rail, the immense dome of the Aya Sophia mosque was dropping into the background; ahead, on our port side, the Dolmabahçe Palace, the Versailles of the Ottoman Sultans, was coming into view, its long low white façade gleaming along the water's edge.

"Kemal Atatürk died over there, in the Dolmabahçe Palace," said the young man at the rail by my side.

He pointed out the brand-new Turkish-American Hilton Hotel, austere and functional ("circulating ice-water in all rooms"), soaring from its ridge on the Pera side, and then he took me round to the other side of the ship to make sure I didn't miss Beylerbey, the elegant white palace where Sultan Abdul Hamīd II had ended his days after his deposition.

Ferries criss-crossed the strait in front of us, linking the small places along both shores. A tramcar rocked, incongruously, along the European shore. Now we were approaching the narrowest section, and people crowded to the rail to look at the famous Rumeli Hisari—"the Castle of Europe"—built there by Mehmet II as a part of his plan for capturing Constantinople.

The Turks certainly need no reminders of the strategic importance of their narrow straits—their whole history has centred around the drive first to possess them, then to hold them. When in 1945 the Russians once again demanded joint control of the Dardanelles, to the Turks it was merely an echo. But after the war, as before it, the Turks were confirmed in their historic rôle—the guardians of the straits.

The Bosphorus is beautiful. In some places

told, means a million new customers in Turkey

Italianate villas climb up the hillsides, and the straits, opening out a little, begin to look like Lake Como; elsewhere, the banks are dotted with dark old wooden houses, with wide eaves and overhanging balconies and bow windows. Sometimes they were falling into ruins. Or dumps or coaling stations lay alongside them. Yet nowhere more than here along the banks of the Bosphorus can one better hope to capture for a moment something of the gracious and leisurely atmosphere of the old Ottoman days.

We had been steaming for more than an hour and were now getting into the final stretches of the strait. Ahead, the white floats of the boom bobbed in the water. There was a bite in the wind now. We steamed through the boom, rounded one more headland—and got our first glimpse of the vast greyness of the Black Sea.

Below, amid the mountains of crates, sacks and olive oil barrels, the deck passengers were preparing to bed down for the night. Two men had rigged up a sort of tent of striped rugs and blankets for their womenfolk. Perched on the roof of a deck lavatory, three small shaven-headed boys were dining on bread and olives. Several soldiers produced a large suitcase, and took out six large, flat, round Turkish loaves. A little girl of about ten, with a kerchief on her head and a long flowered dress down to her ankles, was making up a bed for her parents and herself in the scuppers. Beneath this mass of pots, pans, food, bedding and human bodies not an inch of deck was visible.

At seven o'clock next morning I looked out of my cabin window and saw that we were close in to the Turkish coast. The engines had stopped. The houses of Zonguldak rose up on the hillside.

I went up on deck. The Tirhan was coaling from a barge alongside, men passing up small baskets of coal in a continuous human chain to the stokehold. Because of this, said my young friend, the ship would have to wait there six hours. When we looked over the other side of the ship, we could see a fine new harbour, with coal washeries and automatic conveyor-loading, still under construction.

Zonguldak is a coal town. It possesses the only coalfield in the Middle East. And although its total annual production is only four million tons—less than one-fiftieth of Britain's—Zonguldak is a name to conjure with in Turkey today.

Four-fifths of Turkey's twenty-three million people still work on the land. It is an impossibly high proportion for any developed modern nation. For as agriculture is mechanized and made more productive, fewer and fewer people are needed—and without a diversified economy there can be no means of absorbing the surplus.

Hence Turkey's industrialization plans—which find their principal "heavy" base here on the Black Sea coast, in a triangle formed by the Zonguldak coalfield, the new steel plant at Karabük sixty miles away, and the big new power station along the coast at Catalagzi, now being extended by Metropolitan-Vickers.

I went ashore and walked down Zonguldak's main street. There was a grey drizzle. The road was paved with stone setts and the setts were glistening and sticky. The mean-looking shop fronts were coated with grime. Even Peter Ustinov as Nero, looking out from his Technicolor couch on the poster outside a local cinema, brought no relief to the all-pervading drabness.

At intervals, long wagon trains of coal, pulled by black shunting locomotives, chuffed slowly along the line that ran down the middle of the street. Coal dust trickled slowly from the wagons on to the wet stone setts. A man with a long broom was sweeping up behind with a hopeless air. A river ran through the town, emptying itself into the sea near the new harbour. Its waters were inky.

I put up at the local hotel, but when the general manager of the mines discovered this he insisted that I moved to their big guest house. This was an experience in itself—for the place was a complete United Nations. At lunch, a young German from Siemens, Erlangen, sat on my left, a young electrical engineer from Keighley, Yorkshire, just across the table, and an American salesman of coal washery equipment two seats away. There are, I discovered, over three hundred foreigners—including ninety English—at work around Zonguldak.

Among the charts and graphs in his office, the planning director of the mines explained that Zonguldak's coalfield had been known for quite a time. The Turkish Navy had worked it as a coaling station during the Crimean War. Around 1900, a French concern had come in and developed a mine. Italian firms had opened up other sectors and Turkish companies had worked outcrops. This state of general confusion had only been terminated in 1940 when all the mines had been taken over by E.K.I.—an offshoot of the state-owned E.T.I. Bank, which is charged with the development of Turkey's coal, iron, steel and power resources.

A Billion Tons Of Coal

Now the old mines were being regrouped, new shafts and roads driven, modern mine cars introduced, new automatic washeries installed. Although the output had already been raised from 2,800,000 tons in 1940 to nearly four million, this was still not nearly enough to meet the demands of Turkey's growing industries. The development plan called for ten million tons by 1960. The field is estimated to have a reserve of one billion tons.

The planning chief, Turgut Itil, spoke English with a broad American accent. In 1935 he had been one of thirty young Turks who had won state scholarships and had been sent to the United States for training—there was then no school of mining in Turkey. But at the Kozlu mine, the engineer spoke English with a German accent. He had done his training in Saxony, with a few months at the Edinburgh University mining department.

The pithead buildings at the Kozlu mine lay in the bottom of a narrow green valley a few miles back from the coast. It could almost have been the Rhondda. The engineer, Muammer Kaymakçaian, explained that six or seven mines were here being replanned as one; production was to be stepped up by fifty per cent in a couple of years. He was anxious to show me the entirely new level they were developing at three hundred metres depth. He got me a miner's

A coke factory at Zonguldak. The coalfield here, the only one in the Middle East, is vital to Turkey's plans for industrialization. The field's production may be more than doubled by 1960

Sailing through the Bosphorus that divides European Turkey and Asia Minor, Hopkins captured the leisurely atmosphere of the old Ottoman empire. In the foreground is the Castle of Europe

Young workers in the Cibali tobacco factory in Istanbul. Their grandmothers were veiled, but their own future will lie with the industrial working class which is slowly emerging in Turkey

hat, a pair of rubber boots, and took me along to the lamp room.

As we strode along the new road that had been opened up from the bottom of the shaft, our headlamps throwing their long pencils of light into the blackness ahead, I drew from Muammer Kaymakçalan something of his own story. He was a man about forty years old—which meant that he could in his own lifetime just about span the whole astonishing change—from effete empire to vital young republic—that had taken place in Turkey.

He had been born, of a Turkish landowning family, in Skoplje, which is now in Yugoslavia. Then, after the first World War, the new Yugoslav Government had begun to distribute the old landed estates to the peasants, and so, like many another Turkish family in the old empire, the Kaymakçalans had returned to Istanbul.

At twelve, he had worn the fez. His mother and sister had been veiled. He remembered the day that Atatürk had come to his school to talk to them of the new needs of Turkey. Perhaps what was said then had planted a seed, because when, at the university, there was a competition for state scholarships for study abroad, he had entered and won.

Inferno Of Roaring Drills

We stopped for a minute at a point where a big storage hopper was being constructed beneath the roadway while the engineer, switching to German, gave some directions to a young German supervisor from Oberhausen who was in charge of the job. Out of the blackness, an electric-battery locomotive rattled towards us, pulling a train of empty mine cars. It was bound for the end of the new road—so we jumped aboard.

Up at the end of the road there was an inferno of roaring drills and spurting stone dust. But it was quieter a little way back where a gang of men were operating the machine that cemented the sides of the new road—quiet enough to be able to talk, with the engineer translating, to a couple of the men.

Their story, too, was interesting. They were both farmers. The elder had a small plot way up beyond Kars. But the plot was too small to keep his father, wife and small son, so each winter, for years, he had been making his way down to Zonguldak to put in a six-month spell at the mines. The younger man had come down on the ship from near Trabzon—he was a labourer on someone else's land. It was his first Zonguldak trip and he, like the other, was on the usual six-month labour contract. Like the rest, he had a bed in one of the big E.K.I. dormitories, ate the meals E.K.I. provided in their big dining halls, sent his washing to the E.K.I. laundry and watched the films in the E.K.I. canteen. It wasn't so bad, he said—except that the pay wasn't enough.

Farmers Work In The Mines

More than half the workers at Zonguldak are on these seasonal six-month labour contracts, miners for half the year, farmers for the rest of it. Others from the neighbouring villages put in one-month turns in the mines. Not more than around a quarter are permanent miners.

It is the same all over Turkey. A settled industrial working class hardly yet exists. In Zonguldak, this has meant that while on the surface the most modern labour-saving equipment is being put in, and underground the mines are being redesigned for rapid production, the miners at the face still use little but picks and shovels. For there has never been the time to train them to do anything better. And thus, below ground, the labour force is about twice as big as it ought to be by modern standards.

Again, despite the determination of the government to give them their place in the new Turkey, the organization of genuine trade unions obviously becomes difficult. The miners' union at Zonguldak was started—like others, on

On the deck of the Black Sea steamship S.S. Tirhan small boys dine off bread and olives. Inside the tent of rugs women have bedded down for the night

government orders—in 1947. Like others, it at first received some help from government funds. Like other unions, too, it does not possess the right to strike—although in recent years this has been promised frequently.

The union, the *Maden Işçileri Sendikasi*, has its offices in a building in the main street of Zonguldak just one floor above the mine labour department. I found an almost startling identity of views between the two floors.

"The right to strike?" said the labour director. "It would be like putting a loaded gun in the hands of a child." And he went on to tell me about the estates of model houses the mine was building for its workers in order to elevate their standards.

"The right to strike?" said the trade union's young men upstairs. "We cannot say we are actually against it, but we think it would be very dangerous at present. . . ."

"If we had the right to strike," put in a young man across the table, "the employers would have the right of lock-out."

"Yes," broke in a third, "and we have read about all the strikes in France and England—and we are afraid."

Then they told me about *their* model houses and about their recruiting campaign, which at that time was adding two or three hundred members a day to their total of 17,000.

Members could still feel reasonably satisfied with their trade union because in Turkey the Minister of Labour constitutes himself the champion of the unions against other departments of state. So far the government has been anticipating and conceding workers' demands—almost before the workers have had a chance to think of them.

Not every trade unionist in Turkey is satisfied; some, indeed, have struck—and gone to jail. But in most Turks the mere words, "the right to strike," arouse the gravest disquiet. For one thing, they at once suggest Communism, which is bad—and Russia, which is worse. For another, the whole idea cocks a snook at authority—and that is a gesture which still does not come easily to the average Turk.

There was a phrase I kept on hearing: "The government has made a law. . . ." A tell-tale phrase, it seemed to me.

It is so easy for a Western European to be deceived by the modernistic trappings; it is so hard for him to understand just how profoundly paternalistic Turkish industry can be—although a few days in Zonguldak certainly helps. With its clubs, its company schools, its "quarter of officials" and its workers' "pavilions," its identity cards and tables of daily calorific intakes, it is the complete company town.

Cushioned From Revolution

Britain's capitalistic industrial revolution brought much suffering to the workers whom it ultimately enriched. Turkey's socialistic industrial revolution has cushioned the workers from the start—although the explosion is perhaps still to come.

At Malatya, I went over a vast, well-designed cotton factory, surrounded by gardens. It was a far cry from any cotton mill I have ever seen in my native Lancashire—yet it had been built in the thirties. There was a fine swimming pool for the workers, basketball and tennis courts, a well-equipped club, and a works cinema with a thrice-weekly change of programme.

Next door to the textile factory was an equally impressive and modern tobacco factory of the state tobacco monopoly. At one side it had an attractive crèche, the *Çoçuk Yurvasi*—the "Little Ones' Nest." Around both factories were neat workers' houses, set in tree-lined avenues, financed by the industry to be purchased by their workers in small instalments spread over long periods.

If one said to the managers of such establishments that rates of pay seemed somewhat low, they would always produce a long list of social benefits: free schooling, free food supplied each day, free working clothes, marriage benefits, maternity benefits, accident insurance, long service grants. . . .

Hardly surprising that with all this fatherly care, the Turkish peasant-worker remains on the whole as amenable as the Turkish peasant-soldier, and has yet to discover himself as an individual possessing rights and power over his environment.

In one large factory that I visited, when it was suggested that I should talk to the trade union representative, my interpreter at once brushed the notion aside with: "Oh, you won't want to talk to him. He's only a worker. He won't know anything."

And yet, as surely as the old Turkey disappeared beneath the Atatürk revolution, so also is this paternalistic Turkey of Atatürk itself giving way under the onslaught of some of the forces his Westernizing policy released.

Illiteracy, despite Atatürk's drive against it, has long remained one of the most obstinate obstacles to Turkey's progress; but now, two-thirds of Turkey's children are going to primary schools. New roads break down village isolation, and newspaper circulations, though still small, are rapidly expanding.

Every Turkish M.P. who values his seat now sees that his region gets its fair share of whatever is going. All over Turkey small cement plants have been constructed. In future, the villager will now be able to build his house of cement blocks instead of from mud. Sugar-beet factories, new hydro-electric installations, paper mills, glass factories—there are few parts of Turkey which have not shared in the general transfusion of enterprise.

The Republican People's Party office walls and membership cards are still emblazoned with the six symbolic white arrows, representing the six basic principles of Atatürk's revolution—Nationalism, Popular Sovereignty, Revolutionism, Republicanism, Secularism, and State Socialism.

State Socialism was not so much a matter of principle as of necessity. Under the Ottoman Sultans, trade was regarded as something to be left to the Greeks, Jews, Armenians and other minorities of the Turkish Empire. The only

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The affairs of Miss Appleby

by ***CLIVE BURNLEY***

ILLUSTRATED BY RICHARD O. ROSE

Their families were at war. She would teach them all a lesson—and elope with an enemy

ON OCTOBER 21, 1911, Rosalind Appleby, white with anger, said to Jack Haskell: "I wouldn't marry you now—not if you were the last man in the world and you went down on your bended knees!"

This categorical statement rather perplexed young Haskell, who could not recollect having asked her to marry him in the whole ten minutes of their acquaintance. It also marked a critical point in the Cart War.

Exactly why the little town of Buckingdon, huddled one half nearly atop of the other and sliced by the railway and the river like a hot cross bun, should ever have become a centre of cart making, no one knew. But it did, for it was here that the rival concerns of T. J. Appleby, Ltd., and Haskell and Scrooby had their works, within fifty yards of each other in Jubilee Street, where they manufactured not only carts but also wagonettes, brakes, landaus, broughams and every other sort of horse-drawn vehicle.

The struggle between these two eminent houses was so fierce and ruthless that Buckingdon had long been a town of Montagues and Capulets, with Appleby and Haskell men, Appleby and Haskell inns, and even two weekly newspapers.

At this period the proprietors of both concerns were stern, high-collared gentlemen of the previous generation, proud up-country tycoons with fine daguerreotypes of faces, who never doubted the validity of their own revelations, or the almost sacred nature of the Cart War—Jacob Haskell on the one side and Isaac Appleby on the other. They never spoke to each other or about each other in any tone of voice except in malice and with contempt.

So far, so good; it was an honest and merciless devil-take-the-hindmost war unto bankruptcy, conducted by various manner of means, but never, until Rose Appleby took a hand in it, with actual fisticuffs.

Let us not be deluded by her warm and candid eye, her warm and candid smile, or indeed by the whole atmosphere of warmth and candour she contrived to carry about with her; she was a plotter and a schemer, one of the women who shared the secret the serpent told Eve. She was the daughter of old Isaac Appleby, a widower, who regarded small children as frivolous distractions and had therefore packed her off to an aunt at an early age. She did not return to Buckingdon until she was a young woman, having completed her education.

When she returned she discovered that the Cart War was no nearer peaceful settlement. This rather distressed her, partly because it came to her ears that young Jack Haskell, only son of Jacob, was a personable young man in his early twenties; she became curious about him; and from curiosity soon passed naturally into plotting and scheming.

Finally—one must make no bones about this shocking affair—she seriously considered marrying him. Not that he had ever asked her, or spoken to her, or even seen her; but she had every faith in her own warmth and candour, if she chose to use it. The notion appealed to her for two reasons: firstly because she was familiar with the five or six standard plots of novels, especially the one in which the centuries-old feud between the ducal houses is finally brought to an end by the love of one duke's heir for the other's heiress.

And secondly because she could imagine nothing more sensational, in Buckingdon and three counties round, than the marriage of an Appleby and a Haskell.

At first she did no more than toy with the idea. All the same, she thought, it would be interesting to find out what sort of person young Jack Haskell was; she could easily slip down to the Haskell and Scrooby works, posing as a farmer's daughter who wanted a pony trap, and run her eye over him.

So she did, on the afternoon of October 21, 1911, when a warm autumnal wind was pouring through and over Buckingdon, rustling the drifts of yellow leaves in the gutters.

She found young Jack in the open shed used as a paint shop at Haskell's; he turned out to be a square-built, grey-eyed young man with large carpenter's hands, a quiet voice and a dimpled chin. She spoke to him of her pony trap and had almost settled its last detail when his father, old Jacob Haskell himself, seven feet tall to the top of his silk hat, came suddenly upon them.

HE recognized her instantly. "The Appleby girl!" he said, in the tones a man might use on finding a boa constrictor in his garden.

"Lady wants to buy a trap," explained his son.

"She doesn't," retorted his father, "and she won't. She's an Appleby, sent over here to spy on us by that blackguardly father of hers. Well, I know her sort. Be off with you, my girl, and don't you dare come in here again!"

"Don't say things like that about my father," said Rosalind. "I won't have it."

"You'll have what you get, my girl," said the old man, "and what you've got are marching orders, so march. Off with you now!"

Young Jack ventured a mild protest and

They tried to tell Mr. Pipe he was going the wrong w

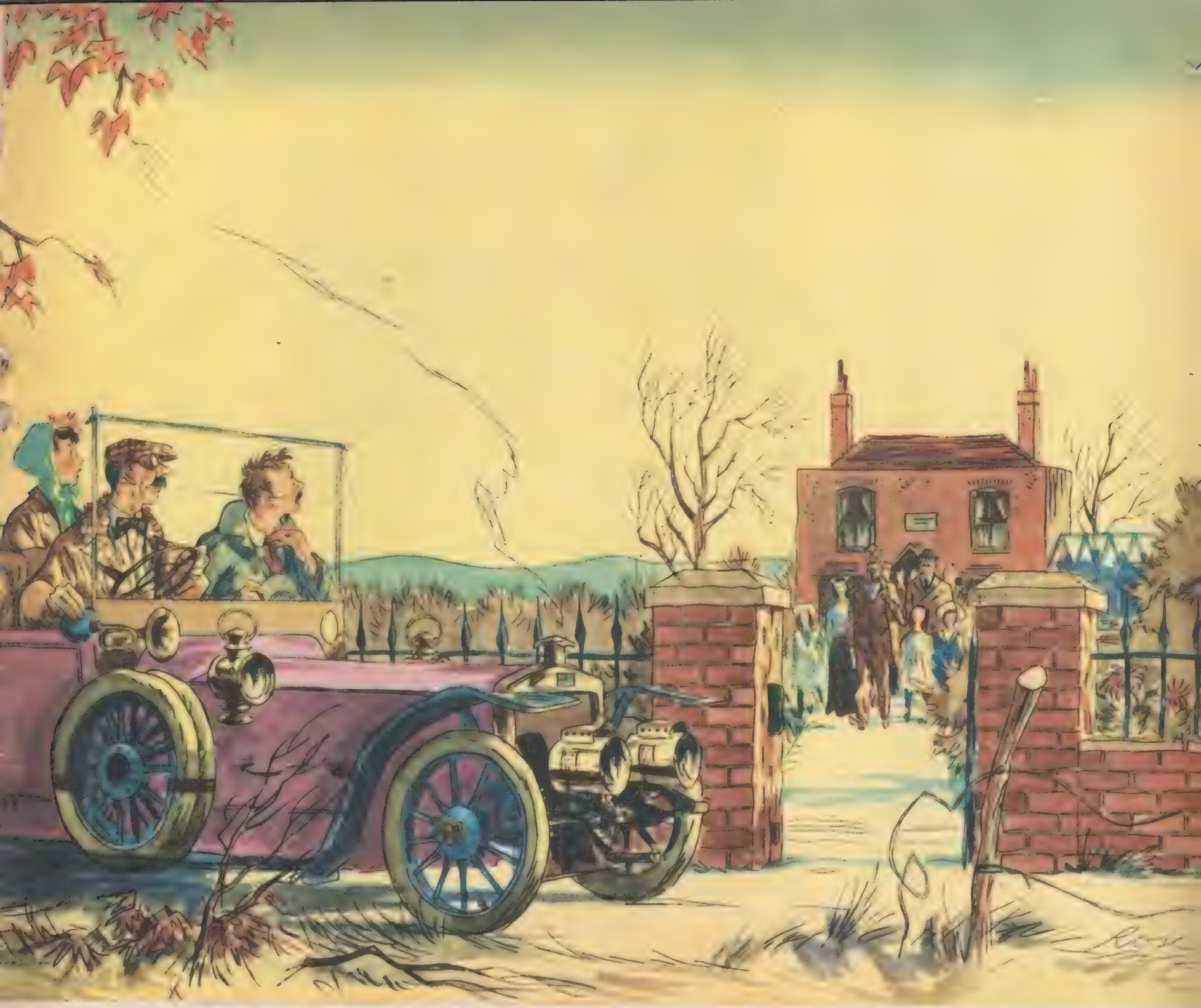
Rosalind a passionate one. Old Jacob repeated his command, adding that Appleby's couldn't make dolls' prams. Then without warning there bore down upon the group old Isaac Appleby himself, in his shirtsleeves, his great, graven face set in ferocious lines. The gatekeeper at his factory had passed to him the astonishing information that his daughter had been seen in the Haskell works, and he had come hot-foot and hot-headed to pursue and rescue.

"You villian, Haskell!" he cried. "What are you doing with my daughter?"

"Don't name-call me, Appleby!" said the other. "And get out of here, or I'll throw you out!"

"Will you, by God?" roared old Isaac. "Just you try!"

Old Jacob immediately obeyed his command. He seized Isaac and tried to propel him towards the street. Isaac gave him a back-hander that made his ears sing and knocked his hat off. The two men broke away and squared up as full of spit and spite as gamecocks. Young Jack thrust himself between them and had his left eye blacked by his father and the top of his right ear split by old Appleby. Rosalind hauled her parent back by his braces. He plunged, the



. But he stubbornly refused to listen. Then he put on the brakes, blew three times on the horn, and a throng of people came noisily out to meet them

braces broke, and he was catapulted head first into a pile of sawdust.

When he came out the dust clung to his face in a ginger fuzz. Young Jack couldn't help it: he laughed. Rosalind was infuriated.

"Stop it!" she cried. "How dare you!" and she stamped her foot.

She was standing under the eaves of the open shed and above her, hanging precariously on the very tip of a nail driven into a rafter, was a tin of signal red paint; hanging there so precariously that the stamp of her foot brought it down. A quart of the vivid mess splodged upon her hat, her hair, her blue shirt-waist, her check skirt, her button shoes. Jack Haskell—he simply could not help it—laughed louder than ever.

It was then that something snapped in Rosalind's mind. It was the piece of taut elastic which kept her private fantasies from the public ear. The furious words were jerked almost out of her subconscious: "I wouldn't marry you now—not if you were the last man in the world and you went down on your bended knees!"

The old men stopped in the middle of the prizefight as if suddenly turned to stone.

Two days later Rosalind was placed aboard the 10.20 a.m. train for London; she was being sent back to Aunt Ebby in Kensington. Buckingdon had been steamy with gossip ever since the old men had fought; what astonished the town even more than the fighting, however, was the fact that the two men had actually conferred together, without bloodshed, in Haskell's office, for two hours the same evening.

THOSE closest to the old men, their servants and workpeople, passed on every scrap of news to eager listeners; thus it became known, the day before, which train Rosalind was to catch. Therefore young Jack Haskell was able to go across to Matchly Junction with the seven o'clock carrier and catch the same train. He found Rosalind sitting sulky and solitary in a compartment of the first coach.

"Ah!" said he. "Now, Miss Appleby!"

"If you lift a finger," she said, "I'll pull the cord."

"Don't be alarmed. I want an explanation, that's all. But I hope I'm a gentleman."

"A gentleman indeed! Throwing pots of red paint over people!"

"But I didn't throw——"

"Do you know that I've had to burn that blouse? It was only the second time I'd worn it. And I simply reek of turpentine."

The train rolled gently on its way.

"Miss Appleby," persisted Jack patiently, "my father has stopped my allowance and if I hadn't sold a pony and chaise that belonged to me I wouldn't have a penny in the world. He has forbidden me to be out of the house after nine o'clock at night and he has sent for Mr. Pipe the solicitor to alter his will. I think he'll disinherit me."

"Perhaps he was disgusted by your behaviour, too, although I shouldn't have thought *your* father would——"

"It's nothing to do with my behaviour," Jack told her. "It's *your* behaviour. My father has convinced himself that there's been what he calls a clandestine association between you and me, and as far as I can make out he thinks that rather worse than murder. He thinks we've been writing to each other and meeting secretly and heaven knows what. Nothing'll persuade him otherwise. And——"

"Well, my father's just as bad," said Rosalind. "I don't know why you should think you're the only one to suffer. I'm being sent

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Beginning the story of a six-months' adventure in the Antarctic with the men who pursue their prey through the world's most dangerous seas

WHALE HUNT

by ROSS COCKRILL

A catcher boat delivers a whale worth £2,000 to the factory ship. A whaling expedition with sixteen ships can earn £3 million in a season

CHANGING TRAINS HURRIEDLY at Crewe Station, I met a man I hadn't seen for years. "Where are you going?" he said. I replied: "To the Antarctic. Whaling." I shook his hand and left him standing there. Probably he thought I was mad.

It had started, a few weeks earlier, on a typical August day in Wales, mild, muggy, raining. As a veterinary officer of the Animal Health Division of the Ministry of Agriculture and Fisheries, I was taking part in establishing an area free from bovine tuberculosis. All day long I had been clipping little patches on the side of cows' necks, injecting tuberculin into the thickness of the skin. Handling wet cattle is a miserable business. I was grubby and tired, and heartily sick of the dull routine of tuberculin testing.

Back in the office, I found a memorandum on my desk: "Applications are invited from veterinary officers wishing to participate in a whaling expedition to the Antarctic. . . ." I looked out of the window. Across rain-swept roofs I could see a sloping pasture dotted with wet, grazing cows, waiting for me. I applied to go whaling.

In September, I heard that I had been lucky. I was to assist and advise in obtaining several thousand tons of whalemeat fit for human consumption, the first large-scale attempt at selling whalemeat to the British public, although some supplies had already reached the market from Norwegian sources

After a few hurried weeks in Cambridge and London trying to assimilate information about whaling, I went to Scotland to make family farewells. That was when I met my friend on Crewe Station.

I caught my train and went to the dining car. The menu contained an item listed as "steak." The steward warned me that it was whalesteak, and when I said I would have some, he shook his head sadly. It was served with lots of gravy and onions, but it was very coarse meat, and the taste was horrible.

I TURNED to one of the reports which I was studying. "There can be no doubt," it said, "that selected whalemeat is an attractive and palatable foodstuff."

I caught the steward's eye as he carried out the dish of steak, still full. He forebore to smile. The other passengers were eating veal and ham pie.

Months later, when I was far into the Antarctic, I saw the other end of the story. Southern Main, one of the fleet of fast, modern whalecatcher ships in the large whaling expedition with which I sailed, came alongside the

On his platform, the catcher's gunner crouches to fire his harpoon. The hunt depends on his uncanny skill in guessing where the whale will surface

factory ship Southern Venturer, for bunkering. At two minutes' notice I arranged to make a trip in her.

Going on board a whalecatcher is, in itself, quite an experience. You get into a large basket and squat down, a derrick line is hooked on above your head, and you are hoisted dizzily into the air. The basket sways alarmingly and swings round. The bos'n makes nonchalant hand signals to the winch man and the basket swings outboard and is lowered in the general direction of the catcher's foredeck. I arrived with scarcely a bump.

THE mate came and shook hands. He was a tall, heavy fellow about my own age, with a precise, commanding manner. He was reputed to be the best catcher mate in the business. He passed me over to the steward, who showed me to my cabin. Main was the only catcher in the fleet to boast such extra accommodation.

After several cups of very hot and strong coffee, I went up on the bridge. We made a wide half-circle out into the loose pack-ice, carefully avoiding the big pieces, but the smaller bits we met with a shuddering, grinding noise and no slackening of speed. Startled penguins flapped their flippers at us. It was cold on the bridge, the real cold of the Antarctic. The mate and the helmsman stood in silence and scanned the sea all round. In the crows nest a muffled figured peered out between ice-crusted eyelashes. We rushed on through the dawn.

The whale hunt begins at sunrise and lasts until nightfall, the best time being the very first light of day, when the whales are together in small groups or pods. When feeding they mill round in the water within a small area corresponding to the patch of krill (on which they feed), the presence of which is often indicated by clouds of sea birds.

Presently, the gunner appeared—Captain Abrahamsen, leading gunner of our expedition, a small, dark, hard-bitten Norwegian wearing an ankle-length, sheepskin-lined leather coat, bringing with him a vague aroma of brandy. He said: "Welcome. I hope you bring luck." Strangers are never really welcome in catchers. They get in the way. Above all, they are often found to be Jonahs who keep the whales away.

A voice came from the crows nest. *Blaast! Blaast!"* The lookout was leaning precariously far out from his barrel, his outstretched arm pointing away to the port beam. Abrahamsen muttered a brief order, the wheel spun. I strained my eyes, but I could see nothing. Abrahamsen stood beside me and pointed. "There, there, and there. Look down to the water."

Against the grey sky I saw a sudden puff of white vapour, and another, and another. We were going at full speed. The gunner said: "They are seven miles off. There is plenty of time." He went to his cabin and closed the door.

Ross Cockrill gave up veterinary work in Wales to sail 12,000 miles to the Falkland Isles. He followed the custom of whalers and grew a beard

As we got nearer, the *blaasts* became more prominent. A whale does not spout water into the air. He is a marine mammal, breathing air through twin expanding blowholes on top of the curvature of the head. The *blaast* is a mist of vapour caused mainly by condensation, but containing also the small amount of water cupped in the hollow of the blowholes.

Presently we were among the whales, our engine running slowly. The wireless operator was tapping news of the find in code to Venturer. This was a big pod. Soon, other catchers would be on the scene. The mate scanned the water keenly, looking out for the biggest whale. The sea was a peculiar ruddy-green colour, caused by the countless millions of little, shrimp-like krill. The gunner reappeared, conferred urgently with the mate, and our quarry was selected.

WE began the chase. The gunner said: "A Blue whale. A big one. Maybe ninety feet long. A female with no little ones." He relapsed into silence, looking out over the top of the canvas dodger. The whale was cruising along just below the surface of the water, not yet alarmed by the pursuit, diving and rising every few moments.

As we gained on her, she began to take fright. She surfaced rather more frequently. She began to zigzag. If the hunted whale could keep a constant course, it would outstrip most catchers. This happens very seldom. Usually the pursued whale panics and begins to make frequent changes of course. Each time the whale dives there is a swirl left on the surface, a smooth patch which indicates the change of course to the gunner. His skill lies in judging the spot at which the whale will surface, and he directs

his pursuit so that he cuts corners and is as near as possible to the quarry when he is ready to fire the harpoon.

The mate went down the catwalk from the bridge to the gun platform in the bows, and loaded the swivel gun. The charge is a heavy one of ordinary black powder, and the harpoon is about five feet long and very weighty. It is a barbaric instrument with four hinged prongs which prevent its withdrawal when the line takes the strain. The head is fitted with an explosive grenade with a three-second time-fuse which detonates on entering the body.

When the final phase of the hunt was reached, the gunner went to the gun platform and stood there alone, driving down on his prey. Without turning, he gave hand signals to the helmsman. Slowly we crept up on our great victim, now zigzagging madly. The gunner raised both hands. The engines stopped and we ran silently ahead.

There was one moment of tense expectancy. The whale surfaced at the exact spot where the skill and ingenuity of the gunner had forseen that she should. She blew, no more than five fathoms distant. We heard the resonant, expiratory sound, a cross between a cough and a grunt.

ABRAHAMSEN swung his gun round legs wide apart as the ship moved slowly onwards. A fine mist drifted above the shining, dark body as the vast bulk of the whale curved leisurely over, the head dipped under water and the back began to rear above the surface. The gunner, every muscle tense, danced round on rigid toes, his gun pointing downwards. He squeezed the grip of the trigger.

The bark of the gun was so loud that its impact on the eardrums was like a blow. The coiled line on the platform shot snaking outwards. The deeper thud of the exploding grenade followed while the ears were still singing. The whale took line, for as long as it needs for a man to let go the breath he has been holding. Then she surfaced not more than fifty fathoms distant, her bulk threshing clear of the water.

The great head arched momentarily, the wide tail flukes waved madly in the air, and a long-drawn, low-pitched, echoing scream came from the half-open jaws. Whales are not normally audibly vocal. But the windpipe had been split by the exploding grenade.

As the gun cracked, the men on the catcher moved fast. The mate sprinted down the gangway, oiled and reloaded the gun. The chief engineer kept the winch turning over, a man standing by to see that the line ran smoothly. The whale took line and began to tow the 350-ton catcher through the water. The engines started. We followed the whale in her struggle. She surfaced in a great flurry of foam, the tail flukes beating the water into froth, and dived.

WE gave line and she struggled and fought in the depths with this deadly and unknown enemy. The powerful winch on the foredeck started its loud chattering, and reeled in line rapidly.

The line checked as the whale surfaced once more, the great body still writhing. The whale exhaled and the vapour spouted upwards in a crimson mist, once, twice and thrice, before she dived once more. The winch chattered and we drew nearer to the mortally wounded whale.

The waters were stained bright scarlet. No longer could she dive deeply; now she must surface every few minutes in search of air. The line drew her nearer and nearer to the catcher. There was a last flurry of effort, and then all energy was spent. Death at last approached with pity.

The whale was brought right up under the bows. Below me was the head and, as I looked, it broke surface. One great eye regarded me. The jaw sagged, the eye filmed over. It was the end, after forty minutes of struggle.

Abrahamsen got to his feet, inspected the corpse briefly, and then went unsteadily up the catwalk and disappeared into his cabin. It was incongruous that the sight of blood should so upset him.

The mate took a long pole and fixed to one end a hollow, two-foot spike with many holes down its length. This was rammed into the blubber of the whale's wet flank. There was a hiss and a slight heaving of the skin as compressed air was pumped in and worked its way through the tissues.

Two men lassoed the tail with a thin, weighted rope and drew it to the starboard side, where it was secured by a strop. The whale was held fast, and now the harpoon line could be cut. We went ahead slowly and the carcass disappeared under our bows to come up alongside secured by the tail, the huge head floating aft. The air which had been pumped in kept it afloat. We had more than £2,000 worth of oil and meat and by-products in tow.

Whale hunting is not a sport. It is big business and makes a notable contribution to the food stocks of the world. The valuable baleen whale oil is the basis of the industry. This oil is edible, and is used principally in margarine and cooking fat.

By-products of the main industry include meat, whalemeat meal, liver oil, glands and gland extracts for medical purposes.

The annual value of the British whaling industry exceeds £10 million. A modern whaling expedition—conducted by a fleet of catcher vessels based on a floating factory which can operate hundreds of miles from land—will kill at least two thousand whales in Antarctic waters during a single season of approximately a hundred days.

Such an expedition can expect to bring back about 25,000 tons of whale oil, 5,000 tons of frozen meat, and 5,000 tons of meat meal. Whale oil has been sold in recent years for as much as £172 per ton. Its present value is about £80. So the value of the oil approaches £2 million and the by-products will bring in about a further £1 million.

BY these means, the whaling industry makes a notable contribution to the world's stocks of edible fat and protein. Nor is the industry likely to cut its own throat through indiscriminate slaughter of whales. By international agreements, whale stocks are strictly preserved, and the number of catcher ships operating in any one season is about 230.

Whaling is an industry, not a sport. But it would be difficult to conceive a more cruel and clumsy method of dispatching a living creature than the archaic and inhuman explosive-headed harpoon.

It is one of the mysteries of a progressive industry that so incompetent a method should have been tolerated for so many years. Experiments in killing by electrocution have been tried, but the explosive-headed harpoon method is preferred to all others by the conservative gunners.

Yet it is not that the men are cruel. Your true whaler abhors cruelty. He accepts the agonizing inhumanity of the whale's death struggle, since it is an essential part of the industry he has known all his life. But cruelty of other sorts is never tolerated, and the needless taking of life is abominated.

One day a bos'n who ought to have known better was on the look-out with a rifle for killer whales. These evil-looking creatures, with black and white markings, hunt in packs and are often seen near the factory ship, when they will attack the tethered carcasses, ripping out the tongue and the membranes from the mouth, and causing as much as £100 loss in a few seconds.

While on the look-out, the bos'n spotted a crab seal lying asleep on a drifting floe. The bos'n fired. He was a good shot. The seal writhed a little then lay still.

There were three men near the marksman and several more within jumping distance. The bos'n, yelling in sudden and real fear, disappeared in the middle of a silent and ominous crowd. Fists rose and fell viciously. The bos'n screamed hoarsely until a deck forman tore away his attackers and saved his life.

During my long journey south to the Antarctic in the floating factory

ship I came to know these men of the whaling industry. It was a chill, foggy October morning when I went aboard Southern Venturer at Newcastle. Everybody was busy. The ship was to sail at dawn tomorrow, and the decks were a tangled litter of stores, gear and snaking rubber cables.

Chaos increased as the day wore on. Late at night I looked out of the small porthole in the forward bulkhead on to the deck below. The litter of gear had grown. The crew was coming aboard. A good many of the men were drunk. There was a lot of shouting and some singing, and just outside my cabin somebody struck up a gay and piercing tune on a violin.

Next morning, I began to explore the ship. The floating factory Southern Venturer, 21,000 tons, is owned by Christian Salveson and Co., of Leith, Edinburgh, and is one of the most modern and efficient whale factory ships afloat. Astern, the blue, white and red stacks stand side by side. Below them is the great open slipway and the ramp leading from the sea to the flensing deck, up which the carcasses of the whales are dragged.

Amidships a wide arch known as Hell's Gate divides the deck space into two; on top of it are the great main winches which haul the whales up the ramp. This is wide and high enough to take two double-decker London buses side by side, with space to spare. It is lined on each side by cabin accommodation.

ON the after-deck the whales will be flensed; the blubber removed from each carcass in strips torn free by derrick lines and winches. The whale will be dragged through Hell's Gate to the for'ard deck, where the process of dismembering will be continued. There are more winches, derricks and steam bone-saws to hack and tear the great carcass to pieces.

Along each side of the open decks runs a row of manholes leading down to pressure boilers and kettles in the factory where the oil is extracted by steam, not only from the blubber, which is itself almost pure oil, but from meat and bone and offal as well. Nothing is wasted.

At one side of Hell's Gate is the blacksmith's forge, at the other the ship's carpenter's shop. Right up for'ard is the fo'c'sle, a great, deep hold in charge of the storekeeper, where all the main supplies of the ship are stacked at different levels.

This was far more than an ordinary ship; quite literally it was a factory afloat. If the factory were erected ashore, it would cover four acres.

We set sail, and after a call at Norway to take on the full complement of crew, we turned to the south. The Hebrides faded into rain to port; St. Kilda stood in the watery sunshine to starboard.

The production engineer, married ten days before, spoke to his wife on the radio telephone, and every radio set on the ship picked up the conversation in full, and broadcast it on every deck. The Norwegians derived great amusement from the incident.

At this stage of the journey we were all living in a holiday atmosphere and gradually getting into warmer weather. The Venturer's speed never dropped below ten knots.

This fleet numbered sixteen ships which carried 850 men. Some of the ships were at South Georgia awaiting our arrival, others were coming south via Argentina.

Early in November we passed through the line of the Leeward Islands. Aruba rose slowly from the sea, and Venturer moved in through the narrow channel to refuel. Shore leave came. The men returned to the ship, swearing, fighting, staggering, clutching under their arms the presents which would lie in the bottom of kit-bags till they reached the womenfolk the following spring at home in Norway, in the Shetlands, in the tenements of Glasgow and the terraces of Dundee.

LEAVING the quay, we anchored in the roads for a few hours. Bumboats clustered round us tightly, hawking their cheapjack wares. A small tanker drew alongside, bringing out the final collection of whalers, all cheerful, mostly drunk. One of them fell into the narrow space between the ships.

His pal, rather less intoxicated, dived in and held him up until they were both hauled out. Everything was fine until the drunk discovered that his parcel of nylon stockings was still in the water. Before anyone could stop him, he went back for them.

On the whole, it was a quiet spell of shore leave with no serious trouble. The manager paid the fines for a few unfortunates who had landed in jail for an outburst of high spirits expressed in the wrecking of a bar. We faced the sea and breathed again the tang of brine. The holiday spell was almost over. I began to grow my beard.

The slop chest—the ship's shop—opened for an hour every day. Clothing of all kinds: heavy sweaters, lumberjackets, seaboots, rubber tunics, oilskins. Thousands of tins of cigarettes. Hundredweights of pipe tobacco. Limejuice, toothpaste, cameras, hair cream, chocolates—whalers have an abnormally sweet tooth—iodine, combs.

All purchases were signed for and months later at pay-off, the price would be deducted from salary.

There was a box containing half a dozen bottles of after-shave lotion. In a community which was just beginning to let its whiskers grow in preparation for the cold South, this aroused a good deal of mirth. But Adolph didn't laugh. He was a large Norwegian, a deck labourer with a remarkable thirst for alcohol. He sniffed at the neck of one of the bottles and bought the entire supply of after-shave lotion.

On November 12 his three cabin mates reported that Adolph had vanished. A search of the ship revealed no trace of him. There were glum faces. The radio officer tapped out the message: man missing, feared lost overboard. Two days later, with the empty bottles of after-shave lotion, he was found in a lifeboat, slashing with a knife at the canvas covering; not lost overboard—just having D.T.s.

There was a new, raw nip in the air. The Roaring Forties hit us hard, and

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"Never mind where I learned the business—you just whoa there!"

Captain Nilsen spent all his time on the bridge where, seventy feet above sea level, spray from gigantic green waves broke continually against the glass.

Headwinds and head-on seas reduced our speed to seven knots. In the galleys the cooks and boys fought a perpetual battle with slippery pots and red-hot stoves and a greasy, tiled floor. In the cabins aft, men lived in close contact, boredom and discomfort.

With two hundred miles to South Georgia, visibility began to improve, and the force of the wind fell slowly. I saw my first iceberg, as beautiful—and dangerous—as a swan. Gradually South Georgia came nearer, vast, forbidding ice and snow, patches of bare black rock, and peaks. Venturer came slowly into Leith Harbour, a dirty, smoky, ramshackle collection of storehouses, factory buildings and dwellings clustered round a jetty below the great mountains. It smells abominably of hot oil and decay. A shore whaling station.

WILD life abounds on South Georgia. There are countless sea-birds, innumerable penguins of at least four species and many elephant seals and sea leopards. Some years ago reindeer were introduced and there are now numbers of them.

A large aggregate of penguins is called a rookery, heaven alone knows why. There are many rookeries on South Georgia, where the penguin population runs into at least a couple of million.

For a small levy, whaling expeditions are allowed to gather eggs; the theft of a few hundred thousand eggs from the myriads of nests is unlikely to make an appreciable difference to the penguin population. It does make an appreciable difference to the variety of diet on a whaling ship, though.

I was up early, and off with the egging party. We landed in a small rocky bay, where a wire had been rigged to the clifftop, with ropes and a rickety ladder. Once at the top, it was a few yards to the edge of the rookery.

It covered an irregular area about half a mile square, within which the penguins were packed tightly. There were tens of thousands of them and the noise of their high-pitched, weird chattering was deafening. The nests are mere saucers lined with small stones and bits of grass, and the female crouches, squatting over her single egg.

The technique of collection is to lift the bird's posterior a few inches by the stumpy tail feathers. This has an almost paralytic effect; the tip of the beak rests on the ground, the flippers are spread out, and the bird is perfectly motionless. The egg can be removed easily. Then the female gives a plaintive cry like a child in distress.

The male bird works himself up into a rage and attacks his spouse with open beak and an angry, scolding chatter. But their rage and emotional upset soon quieten. They seem to forget very quickly what it was all about, and in a few minutes will be standing side by side gazing pensively into the distance.

The eggs were uniformly fresh. In four hours, twelve of us gathered about nine thousand eggs, and throughout the whaling season we were to have penguin-egg omelet at least once a week.

We left for the whaling grounds next morning. Seventy-two hours later we began to kill whales, and we did not let up for a hundred days.

The first whale came slowly tail first up the slipway and on to the after deck of the Venturer just after eight o'clock of a cold and misty morning. It was a male Sperm whale, a tough old veteran scarred from a hundred fights. From the tip of the upper jaw to the deep notch between the tail flukes he was fifty-four feet long, which is good for an Antarctic Sperm. The decks were blooded.

A second Sperm whale was being flensed an hour later, and from then until the end of the season, the smell of blood and oil and death, the chatter of derricks, the thudding of winches and the whine of the bonesaw were with us night and day.

The ease and dexterity of the flensing operation is fascinating to watch. The flensers move with the delicate grace of ballet dancers, wielding their razor-sharp, long-handled knives with extraordinary skill.

THE great carcass is dragged slowly up the slipway, and the chief flenser stands almost nonchalantly to one side, holding his knife steady at just the right angle to allow the movement of the whale past him to make a long incision in the blubber.

Another flenser walks up the flanks and stands on top of the whale, making deft cuts in the six-inch-thick blubber, his leather kneeboots with long spikes in the heels helping him to keep his footing.

The whale is turned over by winches, the blubber removed from back and belly, cut into manageable blocks and hooked down through the open manholes into the kettles below. A steel rope draws the carcass through the midships arch.

The head is pulled across to one of the starboard bonesaws to be cut up. The upper muscles of the back are fed into rotary knives. The ribs are cut and lowered into a bone boiler. The backbone is sawn up by the bonesaws, the heart and lungs go down a manhole to the meat-meal plant, the liver is pulled off and entrails are dumped overboard.

These deck operations can be terrifying. Great winch lines suddenly tighten

as the whale is moved, and whip tautly fifteen feet into the air. Steel ropes make zig-zags across the deck. Steam-driven bonesaws descend suddenly from nowhere. Mountains of meat move menacingly down on you.

Once, when I was looking out from my office on the first flat, I saw a winch-line suddenly tighten as a man was in the act of stepping over it. He was catapulted straight upwards to a height of perhaps eighteen feet and fell back comfortably on to a pile of resilient blubber. He was none the worse for an accident which could have been nasty.

There was a night when, as I walked from one side to the other of the flensing deck, the main winch lines took the strain to bring another whale up the slipway. Something made me quicken my step and brought me under the shelter of the starboard housing as one of the great lines snapped. It was under tension, and for some seconds it curled about the afterdeck cracking like a gigantic whip. It was as thick as a man's arm and it could have cut me in half.

Such dangers produced plenty of jobs for a doctor on a whaling expedition. Our own doctor, a tall, bony, short-sighted man of about forty, had a tremendous capacity for hard work. He was always ready to get up in the middle of the night to set a broken leg, or put a plaster on a cut finger, and often his job called for more than medical skill.

EARLY one morning just before the night-shift knocked off, a tall, black-bearded young cutter went berserk. His behaviour had been getting more and more peculiar as the weeks wore on. Now, at last, his madness made itself apparent.

Suddenly he stopped work on the afterdeck and, flourishing his flensing knife in the air, he began to rave. His mates edged away. He slashed out with his knife. The deck cleared.

Doc, summoned hastily from his bunk by a scared member of the night-shift, appeared on the flensing deck. He wore a gaily-striped pyjama jacket, a pair of trousers with braces dangling, and bedroom slippers.

Blinking through his spectacles, he picked his way rapidly among the debris on the deck. In slippers it was hard going and on any other occasion he might have appeared comic. But there was no laughter.

The cutter was flourishing his knife round his head. Doc went straight up to him, held out his hand for the knife, crooked a long, bony forefinger and led the way to the sick quarters. The lunatic followed at his heels and soon a hypodermic needle took the last sting out of him.

I asked the doctor later how he managed to do it, and he said: "I didn't stop to think. If I had, I couldn't have tackled him. Lunatics know when you are scared."

Doc really won his spurs that day, and before the season was out I was to see him handle another nasty situation with equal aplomb.

NEXT WEEK: Our hairsbreadth escape from a storm-driven iceberg

"Whale Hunt," by Ross Cockrill will be published shortly by Frederick Muller, Ltd. as a book, under the title "Antarctic Hazard," at 15s.

BOY ON A DOLPHIN

Continued from page 13

chart—" is roughly the twenty-five fathom contour. It could be anywhere inside that."

"Lot of it," commented Madden. "And she was 'drunk' when she was picked up."

"They both were."

"*L'ivresse des grandes profondeurs,*" said Madden contemplating his glass. "'The rapture of the great depths.' Didn't it strike you that if she was suffering from 'the rapture' she'd have had to be a damn sight deeper?"

"No"—Calder shook his head—"it didn't."

"Physiologically it has to be," said Madden. "And it didn't strike you that nobody comes to the surface with 'the rapture'? All that remains at the surface is a sick headache."

"You mean she's . . ?" Calder hesitated chivalrously.

"Lying like a flat fish," declared Madden happily. "Come on, let's go call on her."

IT was hot. The sea was wind-ruffled with the very lightest of airs. The windmills were barely turning. Light came off the houses and the little chapels in a strange, intense purity, a refulgent brilliance. The sea was lapis lazuli, and the sky was the colour of the Virgin's robe.

Pero greeted them contentedly. If she was surprised at seeing the newspaper man she showed no sign of it. To Calder she was very sweet. They went down to the harbour chatting together.

The quay was almost empty. The three caïques that were due to take the morning passengers to Delos lay at their stern lines. Beyond the last of them was another small caïque. A blowlamp was roaring into the innards of its antique upright diesel motor. It's crew hung over it like attendant warlocks. The eldest must have been well past seventy, the other a year or two younger.

They cackled when they saw Pero. It was clearly a cackle of welcome. One of the ancients pulled in the stern rope and they stepped aboard.

"Let's go," said Madden.

One of the ancients made a brief oration, carried out some last-minute adjustments to the engine and opened a valve. The blowlamp expired. The other swung with a beautiful judgment and skill upon the starting handle. Nothing at all happened.

After a little the elder of the ancients lit the blowlamp again. They sat round the engine happily, crooning at its rusty mass.

Pero looked surprised. Calder stared at her suspiciously. Madden, settled gnomelike in absolute comfort in a coil of rope near the bows, watched them both contentedly.

The ancients made a magnificent demonstration. For a second time the engine coughed and died.

Calder said bluntly: "Hadn't we better get one of the other boats?"

None of them was available.

Madden watched the scene develop with a continued happiness, but at last he dragged himself up out of his rope, movedly slowly aft to the engine, studied it with disinterested care, made two quick adjustments and said: "Now start her!"

The ancients tried again, and the

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One look and

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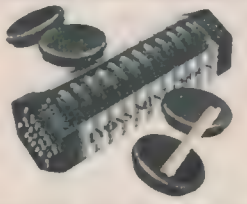

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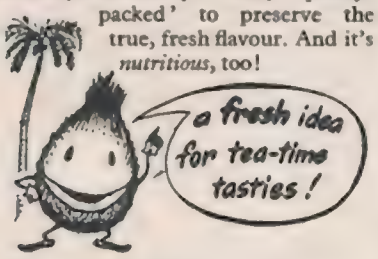

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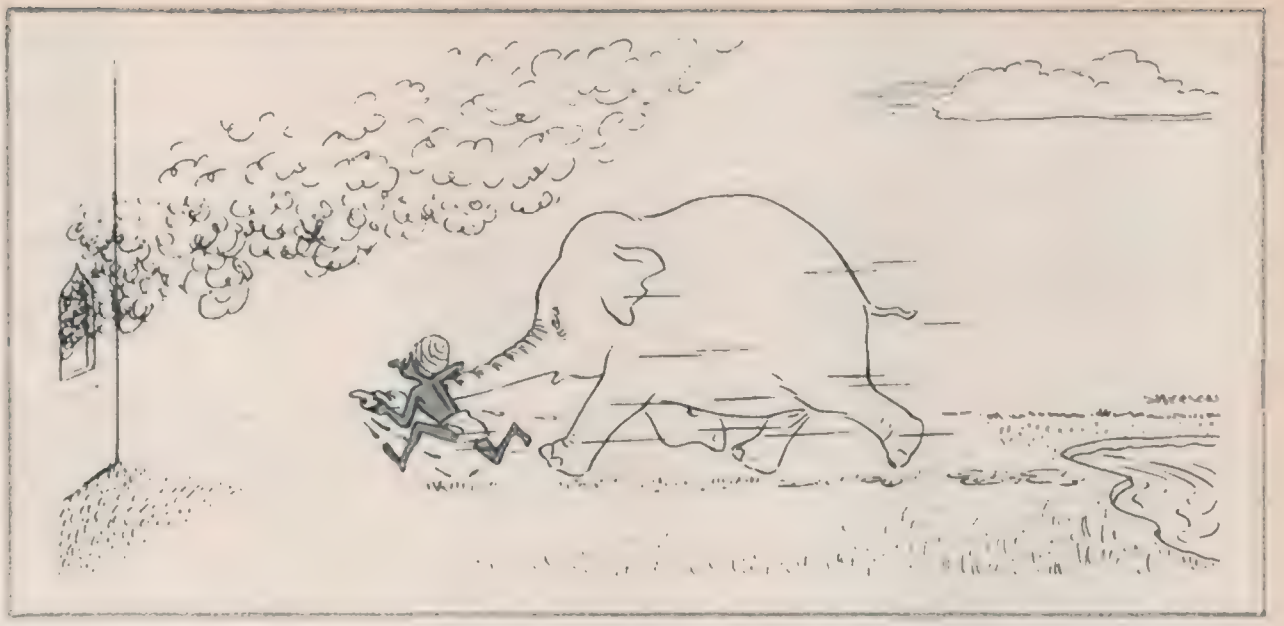

engine coughed into surprised life. Madden winked broadly at Pero and went back to his place.

They cleared the harbour entrance and came out into the open water. To the north-east Tinos lay across the sea edge like a great serrated wall. Farther away, less substantial, more exquisitely blue, was Syra. Rhenea was near enough to be golden. The still-young sun on the barley grass had a polished sheen. Delos they could not see until they came past the outer islet. Pero, steering the boat herself, took them through the shallows of the point where the coral and the seaweed swung slowly in the swirl of the water.

For the tenth time Calder went over Pero's story—Archimandros had found their boat empty on the water, he had sighted Pero and Torcelli floating half-conscious a quarter of a mile away, they had no idea of what had happened, no knowledge of the point at which they had dived. Only Archimandros could tell how they had drifted. Only he knew the underwater currents of the strait.

Calder remembered once more what Madden had said when he had told him, remembered even the mocking tone: "And *only* Pero forgot to ask Archimandros where he thought they'd been. The hell she did! Not that young woman."

Pero smiled at him encouragingly. "It would be somewhere about here, I think. I seem to remember the chapel of Aghia Yeoryios in line with the summit of Elias. The difficulty"—her look of concern would have melted a statue of marble—"is that I have no marks the other way."

Up in the bows Madden stirred himself enough to say: "That's tough. Life is earnest."

Pero disregarded him sweetly. The two chapels were dead in line now. She said: "Somewhere about here." And in Greek to the ancients: "Stop!"

The engine cut out. The water noises died to the old delightful mutter that Calder loved. For him there was a new excitement in every dive. He felt it coming over him now. Even with his own suspicions, even against the cynicism of Madden, there was still the possibility that somewhere in this dive there might be the crown of all his hopes.

Pero was standing up, balancing herself with the same lithe elasticity that she had shown before. "Do you want to come down with me?" she asked. "There's no need to, you know."

But Calder was already kneeling over the case that held his aqualung. As he lifted it out of the box he saw Pero unconcernedly pulling off her rough red Breton trousers. She peeled off her jersey like a boy. Underneath she had a workmanlike two-piece suit of brilliant blue.

Her aqualung was ready. Professionally she took the mask, spat in it, rubbed it round and rinsed it in the sea. She put it on so that it stood on her fair hair like a blue crown. One of the ancients lifted the aqualung. She fitted the straps and slipped neatly and expertly over the side.

Calder slipped off his own outer clothing, dealt with the mask and came over the side to join her. She pulled down her mask, moulded it, fitted the mouthpiece between her teeth and was gone. Calder gave one last tug at his belt with its lead weights and slipped under himself.

In the instant that the surface closed over him he forgot the last of his suspicions. The brilliant clarity of the water, the warmth and ecstasy of it seemed to wipe his mind clear of everything except the sheer joy of this mastery of another element. He could see the girl below him as a gleam of blue and silver against the emerald green of the water. She was linked to him by a chain of pearls as the bubbles of her breathing raced up to the surface. Level with him as he swam down, the water was webbed with brilliance as if light-spinning spiders of the sea had flung through it veils of gold.

He was going down faster than Pero and she drew towards him, her slenderness enormously elongated by the fins on her feet. She moved with a rhythmic, purposeful grace, not hurrying, her arms loose against her side. The water was changing colour now. It was blue below her, no longer green, and, turning his head for an instant, he could see the surface above them hot with the moving incandescence of the sunlight. The boat lay in the centre of it—solid, hard, almost ugly save that when it rolled patterns of diamond and aquamarine and pearl broke away and spread themselves across the mirror of the sea.

Down. down, only the bubbles had the diamond brilliance now. It was growing purple below them, and still the girl went purposefully on.

They had left the warm water behind them now and were plummeting into the cold. Suddenly they were in a zone of light again, and Calder knew that they were in the reflected light of the bottom. It spread in front of them—blue sand in a wide waste with nothing to break its soft and barren emptiness.

He was conscious of a childish disappointment; furious even more with himself than with the girl in that he had allowed himself to hope, had built up enough belief for shattering.

Pero had come out of the angle of the downward glide. She settled on the bottom like a fish. Calder automatically looked at the depth-gauge on his wrist and noted that they had reached twenty-five fathoms.

Pero's eyes seemed to smile at him through the mask and she lifted one hand and pointed down the slow slope of the sand. Then she began to swim in the direction of her pointing. There were small shells on the sand, and he saw fish for the first time— a shoal of ghostly arrows that flicked off suddenly into the nothingness of the blue.

They swam for five or six minutes. The slope had grown steeper. When the depth-gauge registered thirty fathoms Calder, swimming just behind the girl, closed with her and tapped her shoulder. He pointed upwards and at once, effortlessly, she moved off the bottom and began to climb. She was not moving in a straight line now, but swinging from side to side, curving as if she was dancing in the water with a secret joy.

Almost without warning her head and the upper part of her body disappeared. Calder, well below her, saw only her legs centered in a jewelled web of light. Then he too was on the surface, and the world was full of sun.

Madden's face hung suspended over the side of the caique, beaming like a moon that was almost full. He asked conversationally: "We just found acre upon acre of lovely sand?"

Calder, with his mask pushed up on to the top of his head, answered shortly: "Yes."

Pero, in the boat already, protested: "It wasn't likely that we would find it first time. We don't know just where it was."

Madden looked at her admiringly. Even with wet hair she was completely charming, and the bathing costume with its brilliant blues made certain that no one missed even the least important curve of the slender body. "What do we do next?" he asked.

"Drop the mark buoy," replied Pero practically, "and work"—she paused for a moment in a charming indecision—"to the westward," she said at last. "Shall we try to the westward?" The question was directed to Calder.

Calder had not yet recovered from the shock at the bottom. He answered with restraint: "I suppose so."

The bright-coloured float was put over the side. The engine was started again and they moved thirty yards over towards the west.

Pero, stretched out and relaxed on the deck, had a curiously appealing quality. She looked almost unbearably young, fragile even, Calder thought.

Madden didn't.

They rested in the hot sun for an hour before they dived again.

Madden watched them disappear quite without expression and then, settling himself comfortably down, tossed over a packet of cigarettes to the ancients. It was time, he thought, to make contact here.

The conversation began with boats, covered the fishing. and went on in the ordinary island way to family matters.

It broke off only when Calder and Pero surfaced again and it was resumed at once at the next dive. Madden celebrated its resumption with a bottle of retsina from his bag in the cabin. Something of the earlier part had been devoted to the instability of the young female mind. He returned to it now, looking at the sun through the rich red wine.

"Even she. . . ." He made a downward gesture with his finger. "Why do we search here?"

The elder of the two ancients wiped his moustache with the back of his

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My apron looks new, doesn't it? But I've had it for ages!

How do I keep it so pretty? With *Persil! And Persil washes coloureds bright as new.*

Of course I've always known how perfect Persil is for whites. But now I know it's just as good for coloureds, too — gets out every scrap of dirt. Coloureds come up *so bright* — I feel cheerful just to look at them.

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Yes, I find another blessing of Persil is that it's so very kind to your hands and nails — you can *feel* it is.

PER 1351-1781

hand. "It is, of course, right over there." He pointed towards the cliffs on the far side of the channel.

"Exactly," said Madden, "but she says we must look here. Therefore we must look."

"He is only a stranger," said the ancient. "Also there is the matter of Pero's father."

"Sure," agreed Madden.

"They are up," said the younger ancient.

Madden went to the side.

Pero, hanging limply to the ladder, said: "I'm done. Just empty sand."

"It must be an awful disappointment." Madden's voice had a honeyed insincerity.

CALDER lay back deep in his armchair, regarding his wine. It's months since I've dived," he admitted. "I ought not to have gone down the last time but I can't help having doubts every time that child is positive." He looked apologetic.

Madden said dryly: "That's encouraging. Here's to 'that child.'"

With a faint embarrassment Calder asked: "I wonder. . . ? Of course it's not quite. . . . Could you give me perhaps an outline of the relationship between Pero and this young Italian?"

"I could," answered Madden happily.

"It would be easier," murmured Calder uncomfortably, "if I knew a little more."

Madden drank unhurriedly. "Pero's love life begins three years back—sixteen. English boy called Herring. She met him in London—she was brought up there, you know. Then there was Gregorio Agathocles. His father had a glue factory. Last year it was a French count. This year it's Guido. One a year—strictly seasonal."

"How did she meet Guido?" Calder's voice was a delicate shade too casual.

"Dull," answered Madden. "Introduced to her by her aunt. But it warmed up. Papa didn't get really mad till the boy was caught in the garden of the convent at Kephisia."

"Good God! Why?"

"Pero," said Madden with a shrug.

"You mean she was in the convent?"

"Yeah. Papa Loustros got tired of sending her to Aix and Taormina and Switzerland. I reckon he thought it would work out cheaper at Kephisia. When they found Guido picking daisies in the gardens he shipped her here. It used to be the family home. And he sewed things up with the shipping companies and the caïque owners. Guido can come here if he likes, but he'll have to swim and it's a long way."

"It's Victorian," said Calder reflectively, "completely Victorian. How long does he propose to keep the girl in exile?"

"You've met Pero," retorted Madden. "Make your own guess. I'd say she'd sober down in twenty years or so." He drank and added thoughtfully: "Maybe."

They called for Pero at ten o'clock. She met them in the little hall. It was clear that she had devoted thought to this evening. She was wearing a ballerina-length evening dress of a deep and lovely blue. Her make-up was impeccable. But it was the brightness of her eyes that made Madden most suspicious. Nothing in her manner gave any hint of future tactics. She was playing the part of a young girl being taken out by two kind gentlemen, and Maria was coming as chaperon.

They went down to the crowded *taverna* on the quay. Calder was enchanted by the gaiety of it. He had flown straight from England. The London summer still dripped down the back of his neck. Here under the hot stars the night was full of loveliness, full of music. And he had an enchanting partner. There was a poignant youngness about Pero, a fragility. She so wanted to please and she was asking with almost Victorian primness after his mother and his home and Cambridge. They got on wonderfully while Madden talked to Maria and watched Pero, and Maria talked to Madden and watched Calder, and Pero's enormous eyes were ranged delicately and with precision on the Professor.

Possibly it was because of this that she failed to notice the approach of Demosthenes. The orator had swept off his hat before she had time to recognize the danger. Before she could deal with it Demosthenes was launched in speech. After that there was no hope.

"I must be forgiven for this interruption," he announced in the rotund tones of the practised orator, "because it is necessary. Because on behalf of the people of Mykonos it is essential, it is imperative that Miss Pero should be thanked."

Madden under his breath said: "This is going to be good." He was watching Pero's face. It had something of the terror of a bird under the eye of a snake. He held out a glass of ouzo and Demosthenes took it as a punctuation mark, a comma, not even a full-stop.

"There is a time in the affairs of an island when the pattern of its life changes. This is such a time," boomed Demosthenes.

Behind him a crowd was beginning to gather. Madden got ready another glass of ouzo. Nothing would stop Demosthenes now, but Madden felt that he might as well help things along.

Demosthenes was like the *meltemi*, the strong wind that blows across the Cyclades, the tyrant wind. Already he had covered the immediate wrongs of Mykonos. His gratitude to Pero, to the Loustros family, was his theme tonight. He came surprisingly rapidly to his peroration. Richly, ripely, as he drained his seventh glass of ouzo: "And now we await the statue. When does the statue of Mykonos raise itself on our proud and grateful island?"

He sat down in a thunder of applause, and Madden asked gently: "What statue?"

"The world-delighting statue that Miss Pero has promised us." Demosthenes bowed.

The mayor was hovering in the foreground. Pero caught his eye in one panic stricken gleam and called him over. "He is right," said the mayor deprecatingly, "even though he talks. . . . The tourists come to Mykonos only to go to Delos. We are poor."

"He puts your case dam' well," said Madden, "but I still don't know what this statue. . . ."

PERO turned on him with a face of fury. Calder missed it. He seemed to have been almost in a state of hypnosis since Demosthenes began. Very quietly he said: "It's strange that he should talk of a statue—I came here to look for one."

Pero's gaze focused in surprise on Calder's face and her lips parted a little. Not enough, Madden noted approvingly, to be inelegant, but enough to express a charming surprise.

"I came here to look for a statue of a boy, a young boy, not more than twelve, perhaps, or thirteen," Calder

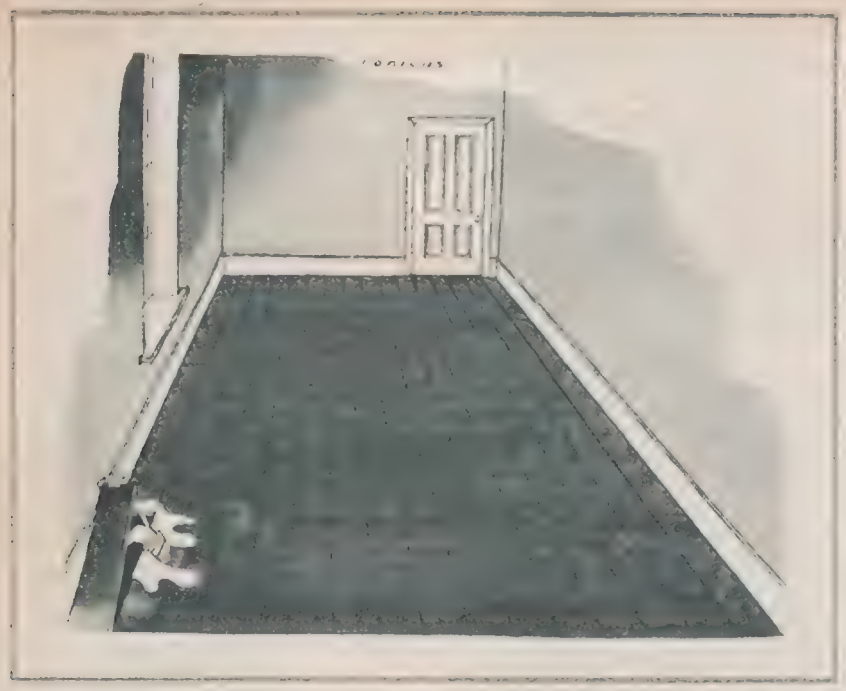
Guess What?

by GLYN DANIEL

THIS object, four and a half inches long, is made of stoneware, with a metal chain. One end unscrews. Is it . . .

(a) An alpine brandy flask?
(b) A salt storage jar?
(c) A smelling-salts bottle?
(d) A Victorian muff warmer?

Glyn Daniel tells you more on page 36



went on. " 'A boy' "—it was clear that he was quoting—" 'beautiful as the dawn above the far-scattered island with the sun shining from the fillet that bound his hair.' "

The table was utterly quiet now. Calder paused, then addressed himself directly to Pero. You have been to the museum in Athens. You know the statue of the Boy Jockey of Artemision." He made a quick, almost angry gesture. " It is a vulgarism. He was not a jockey. There were no jockeys as we know them in classic Greece. He was not riding a horse. He was the playmate of the young Apollo. He rode a dolphin in the wake of the sun god. He was the follower of beauty."

There was silence for a moment round the table. Then Calder said very softly: " I think that the statue of the young Apollo lies in the channel between here and Delos."

" Oh!" said Pero.

Madden, watching her, said sweetly: " But more on this side of the channel than on the Delos side, wouldn't you say, Pero?"

" Oh!" said Pero again.

Madden waited until they had returned to the enchanted beauty of the Loustros's garden before he decided to throw a spanner into the works. Very quietly he asked: " Honey, why don't you come clean?" and waited for the counter-attack.

None came. In a small, still voice Pero whispered: " I want to. I must tell you everything."

" Thank you," said Calder eagerly. " I hoped that we could come to an understanding."

Madden said nothing. For the first time he was speechless with amazement.

Pero, her eyes bright, said: " I have lied to you. I took you to the wrong place today. I can only ask you to forgive me. I know that I was wrong."

" But why?" Calder's voice was very gentle.

" Because," replied Pero dramatically, " I did not know that I could trust you, but now I know. I ask you to help me. I am in love."

HER confession reduced Calder to silence, and Madden decided it was time to take a hand again. He said: " You want to make a bargain with us —your information for our help with Guido. Do I win a coconut?"

Again the amazing control of the girl defeated him. " You win," she answered. " I know that you saw through me. But what am I to do? I am a young girl. You know my father. I am his prisoner and I am in love." Her voice had become low and vibrant.

Calder asked quietly: " What can we do to help you?"

" Bring Guido to the island to work with you. You must have help when I show you the wreck. I will show it to you tomorrow. The wreck is on this side, in eighteen fathoms of water. There will be no difficulty in finding it, but you must have other divers and I need Guido."

" Sweetheart," said Madden, " you've got the nerve of a Salvation Army missionary in Rome. What d'you think your father would say?"

" That," replied Pero sweetly, " is why I want your help."

Madden said: " You're the boss, Calder."

" I think that the least we can do is to try to help," Calder replied quietly.

The next instant Pero's arms were round him and he took a smacking kiss on the cheek with an air of slight surprise. He disengaged himself reluctantly and asked: " What do we do next?"

" My father," said Pero softly, " has always been afraid of newspaper men, especially foreign ones."

" Meaning "—Madden's voice was full of disillusion—" me!"

GUIDO TORCELLI zigzagged his way through the crowded foyer of the Grande Bretagne and looked for the second clerk at the reception desk, who was a friend. With relief he saw that he was on duty.

" Sergos," he said, keeping any note of urgency out of his voice, " I want some information."

" About what—a girl?"

" A man—elderly—a millionaire."

" This place is full of millionaires," said the reception clerk loftily.

" Swedish millionaires?"

" All kinds."

" Who go around with Nicomachos?"

" Ah!" exclaimed the reception clerk, suddenly jerked into normality. " Gunnar Norup. What do you want to get mixed up with Nicomachos for?"

" I don't. I want to meet Norup."

" Why?"

" Business."

" What business have you got?" asked the clerk.

" I have got to consider myself after I leave the university."

" You've got to pass your exams first before you leave the university," said Sergos ribaldly.

Torcelli disregarded the jeer. " Is he in?"

" Went out three-quarters of an hour ago."

" With Nicomachos?"

" No."

" Where did he go?"

" What's it worth?" demanded Sergos.

" I'll stand drinks next time at the Tabarin."

" Your business must be good!" The clerk grinned. " All right. He asked the way to the Theseum."

" Thanks." Torcelli slipped away.

Only when he was in the taxi on his way to the Theseum did he realize that he had not asked for a description of Norup. " Oh, well!" he assured himself. " He'll look like a Swede."

The little temple glowed in the morning sunlight. On the side from which

a sad story beginning ?

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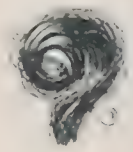

HAIR troubles bring distress to millions. Yet many deliberately ignore the warning signs, pretend to themselves, 'it's nothing to worry about'. Then, one day, the first " thin patches " can no longer be hidden.

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By regular use of 'PANTENE', scalp irritations and dandruff are relieved, often within a few days. Stronger growth of the hair cannot be hoped for immediately, but perseverance may bring the richest reward of all. Certainly (provided the hair roots are still capable of life) the hair generally will become fuller and stronger, the " thin patches " not so embarrassingly obvious. Every morning 'PANTENE' enriches scalp and hair roots with that important vitamin of the 'B' complex, Panthenol. Use 'PANTENE' *regularly*, ask your hairdresser for a 'Pantene' friction.

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for 3 reasons

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Torcelli approached it it was empty. There was no sign of the guide who usually sat, loquacious and cheerful, on the steps of the south-west corner.

He entered under the ancient colonnade. It was almost dark inside the columns. There were people sitting here in the shade. No one looked like a Swedish millionaire.

The guide was there, limping with his stick, and a man with him. The man wore a grey felt hat, pulled too low down over his ears. His face was very long, the face of a tired horse. He was bullying the guide, and his voice had the flat Swedish rasp in it.

Torcelli went up to the two of them, suddenly apprehensive. He asked in Greek: "You are Mr. Gunnar Norup?"

The other grunted assent. Then he said acridly in French: "I do not know you. Who are you?"

Torcelli said in equally bad French: "My name is Guido Torcelli. I have something you want."

"What?"

"Something that I do not propose to talk about in here."

"Then you may go away," said the Swede harshly.

Torcelli was suddenly inspired to stand up to him. "I *am* going away. I am going to examine the plan of the ruins in front. If you do not join me there, you will not know what I have to offer and you cannot resist what I have to offer." He turned and stalked out into the sunshine.

For the second time Norup grunted, a piglike noise. He stared uncertainly for a moment after the boy, then turned abruptly and followed him.

Torcelli had stopped at the edge of the terrace. He did not bother to turn as the Swede came up behind him. Norup said gruffly: What have you got that I need?"

"A bronze statue."

For a long time the Swede stood quite still. When he spoke again his voice was softer, almost human. He said, holding his two hands in front of him, the right hand six inches or so above the other: "A little bronze?"

"A large bronze," answered Torcelli softly. He knew that he had him now. "Not quite life-size but very close."

"And where does it come from, this large bronze?" The Swede allowed the acid to creep back into his voice again.

"From the water," said Torcelli, "and it is still in the water. Only two people know of it—myself and one other. It can be got out of the country without more people knowing of it."

"And why then do you come to me?"

"Because I know that you collect things that are of value to you without regard for the conventions."

"I am a crook, then!"

The boy decided to make a last insolent throw. "Yes!"

NORUP did not even snort this time. He stood there breathing heavily and at last he said: "There are ma. y statues, bronze and marble. How am I to know the quality of this?"

"Come with me." Torcelli turned and began to walk towards the gate where the taxi was waiting.

The taxi stopped outside the temporary entrance to the National Museum. Torcelli paid it off and paid also the entrance fee. The Swede followed him, talking to himself in a low mutter. The boy led him up the stairs, through the little corridor and into the first small gallery. In the gallery he stopped, turned and walked over to the swift-moving, living, human bronze of the Boy Jockey of Artemision. For the twentieth time the poignant, ugly alertness of the face gripped at his heart. His eyes moved to the wind-whipped flow of the tunic, the tense strength of the slender thighs, the play of the wrists, the spread of the toes. The conception was bronze in motion, metal in fantastic, living speed.

Turning from it, Torcelli saw the Swede's eyes filled with a curious hard glitter. But all that he said was: "This I have seen before."

"Look at it well again." Torcelli stood there for four full minutes. The inadequate typewritten label stared up at them. "460 B.C. Recovered from the sea off Cape Artemision." No one knew the hand that made this live, exciting beauty. No one knew his name. At the end of the fourth minute he turned and walked out again.

In the heat of the sun outside the Swede protested: "You are mad! That you cannot get me."

"I have no intention of getting it for you," answered Torcelli. "Now you will take me to somewhere where we can talk."

They went back to Norup's suite: In a deep armchair Torcelli sat back and said: "There were two statues. I do not know, but I think that the one followed the other. This was the follower."

"Y-es," agreed the Swede. "He is looking ahead."

"The one in the lead had a"—Torcelli paused for a moment and then went on—"a diadem with rays of light. He is riding on a dolphin."

The Swede breathed almost reverently: "The young Apollo."

Torcelli nodded silently.

"And this—other one is still in the sea off Cape Artemision?"

"No," replied Torcelli. "It never was. I think they were both being taken to Delos."

"What proof have you?"

"I have no proof," said the boy quickly. "I do not ask for the money until the statue is in your hands. But you have talked with the people here. This you will know—that a wreck has been discovered off Delos."

SUDDENLY the Swede jerked upright in his chair. "Of that I know. Of that I know." Then a look of tremendous weariness spread over the long face. "You are too late."

The boy shook his head.

"You are," protested the Swede. "The wreck is known. Three days ago an English professor passed through to examine it. He has the authority of the government. Too late," he repeated, "too late!"

"He has not found the wreck yet," said Torcelli calmly. "And even when he does he will not find the statue."

Again he saw the light come back into the long horse face. It was like a conjuring trick. The man was upright in his chair once more, eager and avid. "You must explain!"

"I moved it from the wreck to a place of safety," said Torcelli carelessly. "I can get it from there at such time as I wish. What are you prepared to pay for it?"

The Swede sank back into his chair, put the tips of his fingers together, and for a very long time was silent.

Torcelli, with his heart thumping inside his ribs, let the silence last. Not a hundred thousand drachmas, he thought, and added, almost laughing at himself: "New style." No, two hundred thousand. Then the stupendous sum of a quarter of a million drachmas—more than three thousand pounds—caught him in a web of speculation.

A quarter of a million drachmas meant everything. It meant security. It meant escape. It meant that under Loustros's nose he could buy a boat, a motor-boat or a yacht down at the yacht harbour, and go out and rescue Pero from the island and slip away into the night and over to the Turkish shore. Loustros could never catch them. They could be married in Istanbul or Smyrna or Alexandria. A quarter of a million drachmas was victory, and victory was love, and love was Pero.

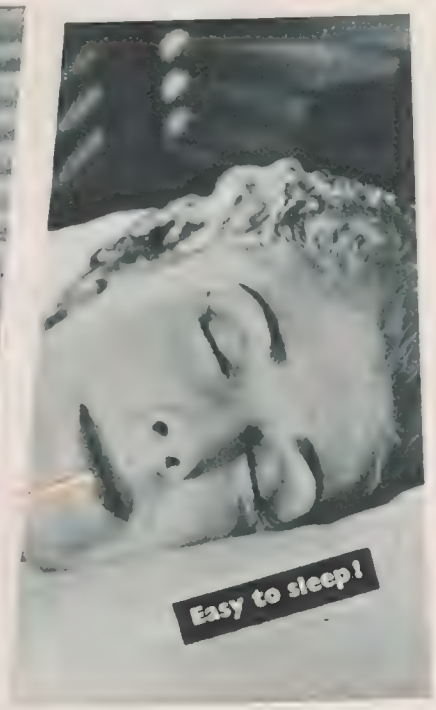
From the depths of his chair the Swede said: "For the boy Apollo riding on his dolphin by the same hand as the boy of Artemision I would pay—outside the waters of Greece—half a million drachmas."

"Boy On A Dolphin" by David Divine will be published by John Murray on October 24, at 10s. 6d.

Guess What?

THE object on page 34 is a muff warmer that was carried by Victorian women. It works like a hot water bottle.

How you feel today depends on how you slept last night!



Nothing runs you down quicker than insufficient sleep. You feel tired out and depressed. And because you are tired your whole system is thrown out of order. The natural process which recharges your body with nervous energy slows down. You start worrying and this also saps your energy and prevents you sleeping. There is only one way to break this vicious circle—your body and mind must learn to relax. *And the best way to relax at night is to drink a comforting cup of Milo.*

Milo is the famous food drink made by Nestlé's. It's good—very good for relaxing people whose 'nerves' won't let them rest. Drink a cup of delicious chocolate-flavoured Milo tonight. The first thing you'll notice is a definite sense of increased well-being. That's Milo's concentrated goodness digesting easily into soothing nourishment. Now . . . relax. Let yourself succumb to delightful drowsiness as Milo's comforting warmth gently nudges you into sleep. Deep, sound sleep . . .

Milo is the pure concentrated goodness of full cream milk blended with malt extract and added calcium, magnesium and sodium phosphates, magnesium glycerophosphate, yeast, Vitamin D and Vitamin B_1. This is why Milo packs so much more soothing nourishment per ounce.

We recommend Milo as a delicious drink at all times. Everyone enjoys it for 'elevenses'. Children love it for breakfast. But above all . . . Milo helps you sleep better. Buy some today.

MILO means Goodnight!

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R. B. (Greenford)

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Back view

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Can the truth be found in a teacup?

ONLY A WEEK AGO Jenny and David had read their teacups together, seeing, in the scattered leaves, all their plans, wishes and dreams of a future together.

Then, suddenly, there seemed to be nothing to dream about. For in one short week David drifted out of Jenny's life on an ebb-tide of broken dates and improbable excuses.

Now Jenny reads her tea-leaves alone, looking for a sign of David's return. How much better if she could read the truth—the simple but unpleasant truth that David was too embarrassed to tell her—that her bad breath was making her bad company.

FACE THE FACTS

Jenny should have wondered why she started every day with a stale, unpleasant taste in her mouth: the "morning mouth" in fact, that means bad breath! The reason for it is simple.

"Morning mouth" is caused by tiny food particles that lodge in the remote recesses of the mouth, where they decay and give off a rank, unpleasant odour. This bad breath odour can last *right through to the evening*, unless it is dealt with properly.

Mentasol Toothpaste solves the problem. Mentasol, with *water-soluble* chlorophyll, reaches remote danger spots such as gum flaps and tooth crevices and counteracts the organic putrefaction that leads to mouth odour. Within seconds, bad breath is stopped, and stopped for hours.

Brush your teeth regularly with Mentasol. It will help to keep your whole mouth fresh, clean and healthy.

MS 55-1306

"Mummy, Johnny's learned to open doors"

TROUBLE AT RODERICK STREET

Continued from page 19

to me. That's all, Inspector. Press on and good hunting."

The inspector saluted and the group melted away. Alec and the bull-necked policeman—whose name was Munro—were the last two to leave, and Superintendent McGill called them back.

"You two can follow me and Sergeant Bright in at the front. Stay well behind and keep those guns in your pockets. I don't want to be shot in the back at my time of life. We'd better be smart or Ross will beat us to it, and I've never been last at a kill yet. All right, let's go."

The superintendent and the sergeant mounted the steps with Alec and Munro a few yards behind.

"Myself, I'd a' done it in daylight," Munro growled. "All this caperin' about in the dark doesn't make sense."

"In daylight," Alec said quietly, "it's impossible to miss with a Sten at close range."

THEY went through the door and up a short flight of brick stairs. The house seemed unnaturally quiet. Alec stopped and wondered for a moment if he'd taken the wrong turning until he heard a reassuring squeak from the sergeant's boots somewhere ahead. He moved forward, feeling his way along a landing, with Munro close behind. After going a few yards he touched a figure which he recognized as Sergeant Bright.

"Barricaded themselves in on the next floor up," Bright whispered. "Talk about Sidney Street! Come and see for yourself."

A moment later they stood near the superintendent, looking up at a pile of furniture heaped on the stairs leading to the next floor. Somewhere up there a bulb was burning and it threw a misty light downwards.

"Nasty place to tackle, sir," Bright ventured.

The superintendent allowed himself half a minute to study the situation and decide on a course of action. Finally he said: "I've seen these sort of buildings before. Round at the back there's a second flight of stairs. That's probably where Inspector Ross is. I want you to go round the outside and take him a message, sergeant. Tell him to get his chaps to make a bit of noise but not to expose themselves. Tell him I'll try and take the trick from this side; if possible, without gun-play."

When the sergeant had gone, the superintendent took off his coat, cap and shoes. He looked at Alec.

"How's the footwork, Neil?"

"Pretty fast on a cold floor, sir," Alec said. Seeing what the superintendent had in mind he took off his own coat and boots.

"What's the idea . . . ?" Munro said, opening his coat, but McGill stopped him.

"You're a bit too stout for this lark, constable. You stay here like a good chap and nab 'em as they bolt out of the roost."

"Trust me, sir," Munro said fiercely and thrust out his stomach so far that Alec had an hysterical desire to laugh.

"Fit?" McGill said, and Alec nodded.

They swung themselves up and along the outside of the banisters just as the first murmur of sound came from the inspector's sector. With difficulty they managed to climb past the piled furniture. The superintendent moved swiftly for such a big man and Alec had to exert himself to keep up. Reaching the clear stairs they crept up on hands and knees. At the top, almost level with the next landing, was a deep shadow. There they crouched.

A full minute went by and then—so quietly that Alec was startled—a figure appeared and stood looking past them down the stairs. It was a man with white bony features, dressed in what had once been an expensive lounge suit. He stood for a moment and then took out a match and struck it on the banister post to light a cigarette.

The match flared and the man's dilated eyes suddenly made out the two policemen near his feet. In the same instant the superintendent slid forward as quick as a lizard and grabbed him by the ankles, yanking him off balance.

While the pair threshed and fought, Alec stayed where he was. He knew that the superintendent was more than a match for the ill-conditioned man now battling for his liberty. It was not McGill's welfare he was thinking about but the whereabouts of the other McFadden, the one with the Sten. The combatants struggled in silence and when they finally came to rest McGill was on top. The policeman's weight and the judo lock he was applying had knocked all heart out of the prisoner.

SLOWLY Alec got to his feet. The next part was up to him. The figure which he could see against the bedroom door took half a pace to meet him. The short barrel of the Sten gun, held at chest level, was unmistakable in its menace. There was no cover on the landing; nothing to block the flow of deadly bullets. And Alec knew that if he drew the revolver from his pocket he'd be dead before he could lift it. He took a careful step forward.

"The party's over, McFadden," he said quietly.

"Keep your distance—copper," the figure snarled.

Alec took another step, very, very slowly.

"Have a bit of sense," he urged reasonably. "Do you think I'm enjoying this? Why do things the hard way? How much will it gain you?"

The gun now covered him fairly in

the middle. If it went off he knew it would cut him apart. But his job was to see that it didn't go off. He had to get that gun.

He took another slow step and paused. The Sten's muzzle was almost touching his ribs. Never for an instant did he lower his eyes or shift his gaze from the pale face-shape above the barrel. He didn't dare to blink. He was scarcely breathing.

"Take it easy, Jock," he said softly. "For God's sake take it easy. Just . . . take . . . it easy."

His hands moved slowly and gently and brushed the gun aside. He took hold of it and the man in the shadows suddenly stepped out on to the landing where he stood, white and shaking, with his eyes fixed on Alec as though he were a ghost. McFadden had just discovered that to murder a man in cold blood when he is talking to you and looking you in the eye is a thing easier boasted about than done. But it had been a close thing. How close only God and McFadden knew.

The superintendent had been standing very still by the wall holding his prisoner. He now blew a blast on his whistle that brought Inspector Ross and company flooding up the back stairs.

The trouble at Roderick Street had been sorted out very smoothly.

As Alec stood in the ill-lit street waiting for the order to get in the cars and return to the station he found that McGill was standing beside him.

"Thanks, Neil," McGill said. "That was a nice bit of work. I'll not forget it. I've a good memory for things like that."

Alec moved his feet awkwardly. He knew he ought to feel pleased, but he didn't. He knew that promotion lay just around the corner; but the notion gave him no pleasure.

"Everything all right, laddie?" The superintendent asked, and his tone was so unexpectedly human that Alec blinked.

"Well, sir . . ." he began. And then, because he knew he had to confide in someone or bust, the whole story came out. About the way Kathy had been taken queer before her time; about the ambulance; about what the doctor had said.

"I see," said McGill thoughtfully.

Finally he turned on a heel. "Come along with me, Neil," he said. "We'll go and shake some of those medicos into activity if it's the last thing we do. At least they can tell us how she is."

The superintendent had his own car and Alec got in beside him. The engine burst into life; they backed, turned, and cruised up the street. McGill drove skilfully. He knew every inch of the town. Within five minutes they'd crossed into the northern suburbs and were less than a mile from the hospital.

And then a voice formed itself out of the air. It was precise and unhurried: the voice of the police announcer. McGill had left his radio switched on. There was the usual run of official instructions to prowl cars and then the announcer said:

"Attention the Roderick Street force under Superintendent McGill. A personal message has come through for Constable Neil—*Wife and son doing well*. That is all."

"Well, I'll be damned!" McGill said and brought the car to a stop. "What are we in such a stew about? It's all over."

Alec said nothing, because there was nothing to say. He felt his initial disbelief drown in a surge of light-headed happiness. He wanted the announcer to repeat the news again and again. A son. He had a son. And Kathy was well.

McGill had been groping in one of the door-pockets and now held up a half-pint silver flask.

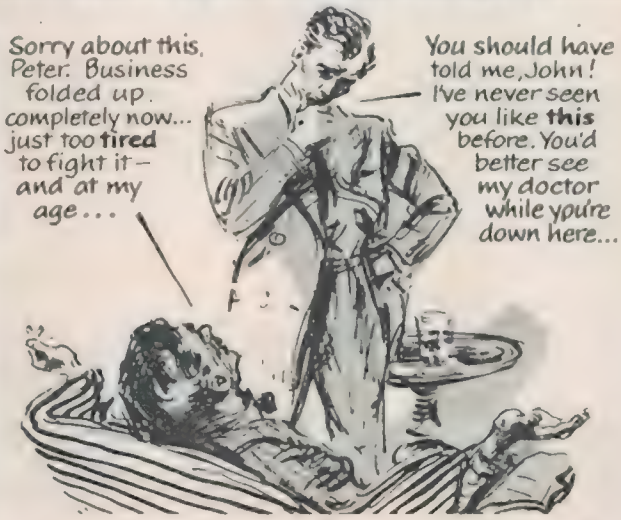
"Medicine for tired fathers—recommended by all the best police surgeons," he told Alec seriously and poured him a tot into the cup.

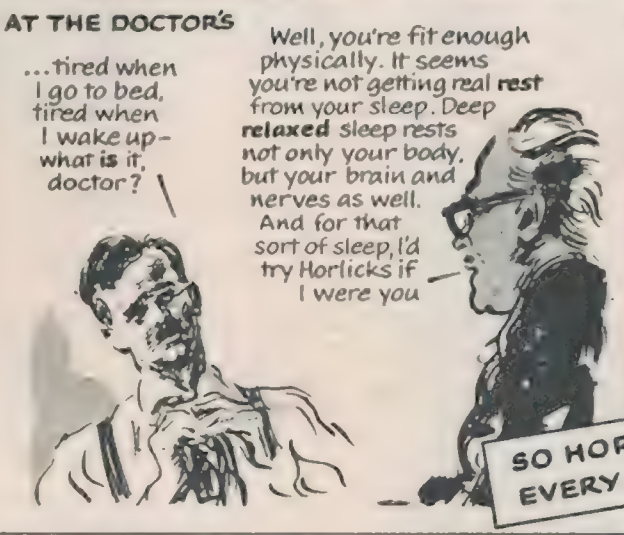
"You know what, Neil?" he said after a moment. "I bet I could knock your block off in six rounds."

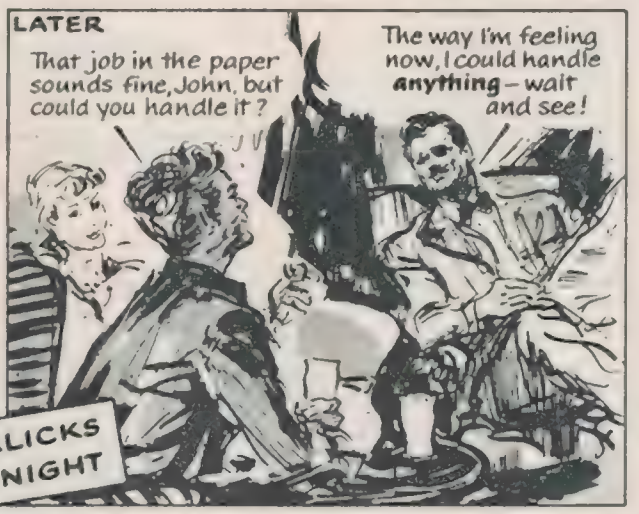
Alec grinned at him. He felt different, light-headed—and not from the tot. He felt bigger, a father.

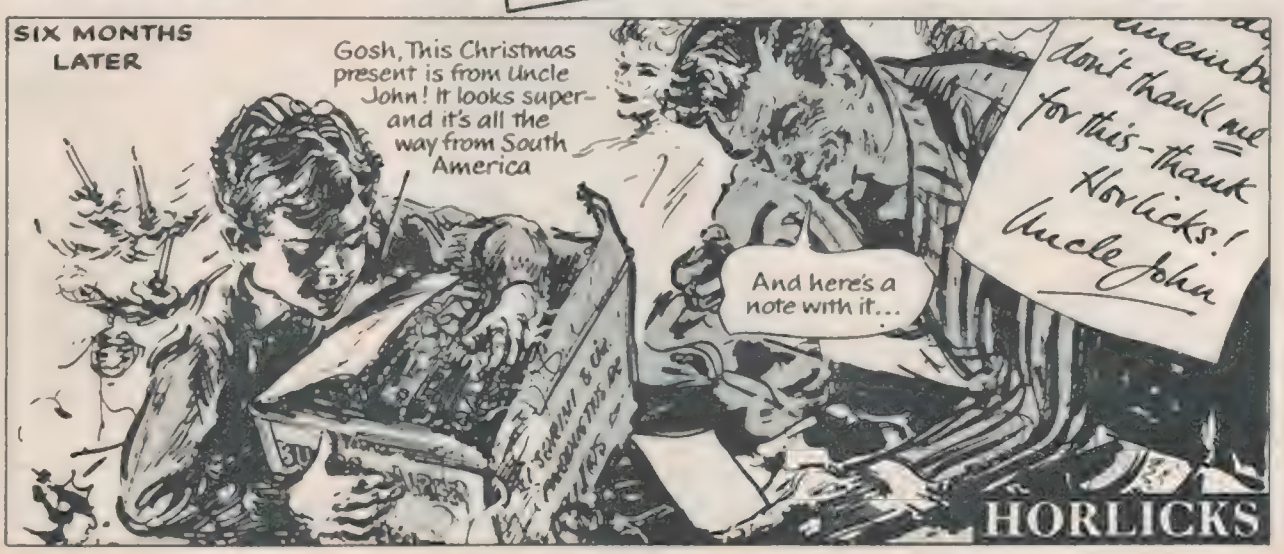
"Not now you couldn't, sir," he said. THE END

Not-so-rich uncle!


Sorry about this, Peter. Business folded up completely now... just too tired to fight it—and at my age...
You should have told me, John! I've never seen you like this before. You'd better see my doctor while you're down here...


AT THE DOCTOR'S
...tired when I go to bed, tired when I wake up—what is it, doctor?
Well, you're fit enough physically. It seems you're not getting real rest from your sleep. Deep relaxed sleep rests not only your body, but your brain and nerves as well. And for that sort of sleep, I'd try Horlicks if I were you
SO HORLICKS EVERY NIGHT


LATER
That job in the paper sounds fine, John, but could you handle it?
The way I'm feeling now, I could handle anything—wait and see!


SIX MONTHS LATER
Gosh, This Christmas present is from Uncle John! It looks super—and it's all the way from South America
And here's a note with it...
Don't thank me for this—thank Horlicks! Uncle John
HORLICKS

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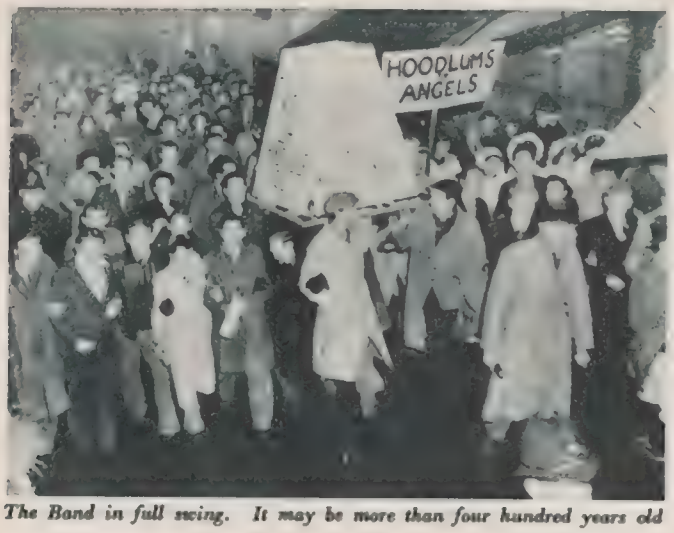
31

It's The Custom . . . in SHERBORNE



The Band in full swing. It may be more than four hundred years old

Whooping it up with Teddy Roe's Band

EVERY year, in the opening minutes of Pack Monday, the first Monday after October 10, a crowd of hundreds assembles outside the old Antelope Hotel, at Sherborne, in Dorset, carrying dustbin lids, biscuit tins filled with stones, saucepans, rattles and bells.

Then, making all the noise it can, the crowd—which is now Teddy Roe's Band—walks round the town.

"A year or two back one man had an empty thirty-gallon oil drum strapped to his stomach," says Billy Brown, a retired Post Office official, who has taken part in the procession since boyhood.

The last seventeen years have been difficult in the history of the Band.

After the procession in 1938 there was fighting. Wartime regulations put a stop to the Band until 1945. The procession was held again that year, but the police did not welcome it.

Their reluctance was understandable. "In 1945 gangs split off from the main procession and smashed windows in the silk mill," says Sherborne's police chief, Superintendent Spiller. "A few years later street lamps were smashed."

The Teddy Roe's Band procession ushers in Sherborne's Pack Monday Fair. One story is that the procession began when Sherborne Abbey was restored after a fire in 1490. The workmen finished the rebuilding at midnight on Sunday, and immediately packed their tools and paraded noisily through the town.

Another tale is that the Band began when pack mules were brought into Sherborne for the annual fair. The clergy insisted that the mules should be kept outside the town till the first minutes of the Monday the fair began. Then in they clattered.

Teddy Roe came into the affair in the early nineteenth century. He led the procession for many years, and it took his name.

Billy Brown's grandparents knew Roe, and Brown is as keen on the procession as Roe was himself. During the war, Brown decided to hold a one-man band. He covered the route jangling his keys and tobacco tin.

"It sounds silly now," he says. "But I hated to think of the tradition being broken."

THE AFFAIRS OF MISS APPLEBY

Continued from page 25

to Aunt Ebby and I'm just sick to death of Aunt Ebby. She'll watch me like a hawk. And all because *my* father was convinced that there was what he calls a guilty understanding between us. He just refuses to listen to reason."

"Perhaps now you realize what trouble you've caused."

"Me?" she said indignantly.

"Yes, you. You started all this. I dare say you've ruined my whole life. Why on earth did you burst out with all that rubbish about not marrying people and bended knees and all the rest of it?"

"How can you?" cried Rosalind angrily. "I never said anything of the sort."

But before they ran into Tufton Park Station she had admitted that it was just barely possible she might have said something which could conceivably have been misheard and misunderstood. More than that she would not admit.

"In any case," she said, "it's terribly unfair and unjust sending me to Aunt Ebby and I've a very good mind not to go at all. Why should I be treated like a child? I've a very good mind to get out at Marlbury and stay with Mrs. Meredith. She's my old nurse and she wouldn't tell. Then wouldn't Father be sorry, when he couldn't find me."

"But you wouldn't do that!"

"I would, too," Rosalind assured him, beginning again to plot and scheme. "I wish our fathers could see us now. If they knew we were on the same train they'd think we were eloping."

"I suppose they might."

"Can you imagine it? It would teach them a lesson if we did. After all, we're grown people, aren't we?"

"But really——!"

ROSALIND interrupted him. "Now don't go and misunderstand me again," she said. "You're the last person in the world I'd want to elope with. But it'd serve them right if we let them think we'd eloped. What a fright they'd have. And they'd be so relieved when we came back and said it was just a joke that they'd give us anything."

"But I don't see how we could possibly——"

"Oh it wouldn't be difficult," said the schemer. "Not if we weren't afraid to do it. I could go and stay with Mrs. Meredith and you could stay at a hotel in Marlbury. We could get a railway guard to send off telegrams from London—'Married this morning, love and kisses.' Then we could let them simmer for a few days and then come back and say we'd just been teaching them a lesson."

"Of course, it's quite absurd to think of anything so ridiculous," said Jack.

"Oh, of course," Rosalind agreed. "It would be fun, but I do understand. I mean it's quite natural you should be a bit frightened of your father, and——"

"I am *not* frightened of him," replied Jack tartly.

"I don't really suppose you are," she said. "But then you'd be bound to feel out of place in a hotel with all those commercials and men of the world and sporting gentlemen."

"I wouldn't feel in the least out of place," said Jack angrily. "I can be a man of the world, too, if I like. Don't think——"

"I'm sure you can," said Rosalind. "But you can't help how you're made, can you? I mean, if a man is just naturally quiet and cautious and doesn't like risks, well——"

"Never mind that," Jack told her firmly. "Whatever I am, I've got a spark of common sense and this idea of yours is about the wildest thing I ever heard of. No, you won't get me in that kind of foolishness, oh no!"

But there were four more stations before Marlbury and when they eventually reached that town both Rosalind and Jack left the train, laughing together so brightly that everyone who saw them took it for granted they were on their honeymoon.

At first Rosalind's scheme worked to perfection. A railwayman sent off the telegrams next afternoon from the post office in Euston Station. Mrs. Meredith proved quite eager to assist: she was evidently a veteran plotter and schemer herself. Jack felt very much a man of the world staying at the Pheasant and having his boots blacked overnight and drinking porter, and watching the commercials play billiards in the evening.

NEXT day he and Rosalind walked over the castle together and immensely enjoyed speculating upon the alarm and consternation which must have been felt in Buckingdon. They spoke of returning tomorrow.

But when tomorrow came they were not certain that this was a good idea. In the afternoon they walked over the castle again. Jack saw Rosalind only in the afternoons, and the evening hung heavily. Forebodings began that night to trouble him for the first time.

The next day when they walked over the castle they spoke very little and Rosalind was rather irritable and neither spoke of returning.

The day after that it rained, so they did not meet. And the day after that, when they were again strolling down from the castle, Jack said suddenly: "Tomorrow's got to be the last day. My money won't last any longer."

Rosalind burst into tears.

"Oh, Jack!" she cried. "I daren't go back. My father'll never forgive me—I don't think I could face him. Especially when he knows it was all a joke. Oh Jack, he'll be terrible. You don't know what he's like."

"I do know, though," he said, gloomily. "I know exactly how you feel. What fools we were to think they'd welcome us with open arms!"

He sighed; then abruptly changed the subject. "There's that motor car again," he said.

He had once or twice in the last few days caught a glimpse of this strange monstrosity in the jingling horse traffic of the city, this peculiar road locomotive with its glittering metal work. Now it came throatily towards them and stopped within a few yards. A lank man descended from it. Jack recognized him at once.

"It's Mr. Pipe! Father's solicitor!'

"The very same," said Mr. Pipe. "Allow me to congratulate you, Mrs. Haskell—and you, sir. So love will find a way and laughs at locksmiths, as the poet says. Well, well!"

"You've been sent after us," said Jack.

"My instructions were somewhat

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fuller than that," said Mr. Pipe. "Yes, indeed. It may surprise you to know," he added, pleased with himself, "that I've had you under observation for the last four days."

"But then why didn't you——?"

"My instructions were very clear," he answered. "They are now that I escort you both back, this very day, to Buckingdon. Unless, of course, you choose not to come, which I would not advise you to do—to refuse, I mean. If then you will return, I will drive you to Buckingdon as soon as you have taken leave of your lodgings."

"Drive us in your motor car?" exclaimed Jack with a trace of enthusiasm. "I've never been in one before. They don't burn coal, do they?"

"How can you possibly think about things like motor cars," cried Rosalind, "at a time like this?"

"Mr. Pipe," said Jack, "I hope you realize that this was all a——I mean that we aren't really——"

"Don't tell him anything," said Rosalind firmly. "It'll be quite bad enough having to explain it once, without telling everybody we meet. If it has to be, let's get it over with."

And so within the hour they set off. Jack displayed a quite unfeeling interest in the car during the journey, continually asking Pipe questions about it. But as he approached his native town he could no longer shake off the fears natural to his situation. He could hear Rosalind sniffling in the back seat. The dread hour, this personal doomsday, was close before them.

But when Mr. Pipe drove down the hill into Buckingdon, instead of turning into Market Street, where the Haskells lived, or into Hill Road, where dwelt the Applebys, he carried straight on into Mill Lane.

"You're going the wrong way," said Jack, without much interest.

"I don't think so," said Mr. Pipe and, turning the last corner, stopped outside the Red House, that neat little building where the Clisby-Whites had lived. The rosy rays of sunset made its chubby façade redder still. Mr. Pipe blew his bulb horn three times. Immediately a throng of people burst from the building and came noisily down the path. Looming above the rest were Isaac Appleby and Jacob Haskell.

Jack knew it couldn't be real. When he felt his father clasp his hand and slap his back and say something he did not catch, in accents of the utmost cordiality, he knew it couldn't be real. Rosalind felt exactly the same when old Isaac embraced her. In the trance-like condition of people who dream and know they dream, the truants were swept into the square drawing-room of the Red House.

JAMMED into that room were a great many people—Aunt Bet, Cousin Charles, little Alice, Uncle Joe, the foremen from the factories, old Ted Rafferty from Chidsworth, Matilda's twins, Lucy Sprayle, even Aunt Ebby herself, all the way from Kensington, crying happily. Rosalind cried, too, from sheer bewilderment. Jack was buffeted this way and that by hearty conversational attacks and reeled like a man taking a beating. Everybody was chattering at once.

Then Pipe hammered on a table and called for silence.

"I have been given the very pleasant duty," he said, "of acting as spokesman—for us all, but especially for Mr. Isaac Appleby and Mr. Jacob Haskell. I am to make clear to everyone, particularly to the young couple who have just returned to us, exactly what we are all doing here. Things have been happening so quickly in Buckingdon in the last week that it has been difficult to keep abreast of events and more than one person here tonight may welcome further enlightenment.

"In the first place we have all heard of the recent romantic event which first induced Mr. Appleby and Mr. Haskell, whose business interests had long been opposed, to act in concert. They who had never before agreed upon anything now found themselves united in opposition to the behaviour of their children. Very naturally, each considered the other's child to be the villain of the piece, just as each considered the other's vehicles to be very much worse than his own.

"This is, I am happy to say, no longer true; Mr. Appleby states unreservedly that the Haskell tied axle is an improvement upon his own, while Mr. Haskell authorizes me to say that the Appleby elliptical spring is without doubt the finest in the world. Now if these two great improvements could only have been combined in a single vehicle. . . .

"Well, of course, the union thus symbolized has already taken place. To cut a long story short, they decided not only to withdraw all objections to the match, but to take all possible steps to ensure its success. The rapidity with which they have worked is beyond belief.

"Consider what they have done! They have purchased this house from Mr. Clisby-White; they have stocked its larders and coal shed; they have gathered you all here—and they have already built no less than three vehicles embodying both the tied axle and the elliptical spring. Ah, what ending could be happier to this romantic escapade.

"I hardly know whether to congratulate first the children upon having such parents or the parents upon having such children. . . . Mrs. Jack Haskell, it gives me the very greatest pleasure to present to you these keys of the house; and may you and your husband enjoy very many years of the highest happiness."

The applause was thunderous.

The bed's aired," whispered Aunt Bet, and the fire laid and everything. Lord, how we worked!"

AN hour and a half later Jack and Rosalind sat on either side of the guttering fire at the Red House in a room still hazy with cigar smoke, and stared at one another. The party had dispersed, perceiving that the young couple were a little overwhelmed; all except Pipe, that is, who had borrowed a water can for his radiator, which he was outside filling. He came in to return it.

"Thank you very much," he said. "By the way, Mr. Haskell, I shan't be returning to London until Thursday. I shall be at the Crown until then—if you should wish to see me about anything. Any little legal matter. I need hardly remind you that the seal of professional secrecy is—well, you may rely upon it."

When he had gone Jack looked at Rosalind with a haggard face.

"We're trapped," he said. "Trapped!"

"I do like that tea service Aunt Mabel gave us," Rosalind remarked, picking up a plate and studying it.

"Our lives are utterly ruined," Jack went on. "There's only one thing we can do—whatever the consequences. We must tell everybody the truth."

"Oh, we couldn't spoil their fun," said Rosalind, calmly. "Not while they're so pleased with themselves. Now that's exactly the sort of tea cup I would have chosen myself with that pink rim. Don't you like it?"

"I can't stay here," said Jack. "Think of your reputation."

"You'd do it far more harm by not staying," said Rosalind. "All the county knows we eloped. The only thing you can do, Jack dear, is not to let it worry you too much and go and see Mr. Pipe in the morning and let him arrange a register office and——"

"But Rosalind——"

"Oh, there's no escape," she said. "Isn't this a lovely toast rack? No escape at all. Our fathers have always ruled us and always will. You and I don't really matter; this is only the marriage of the Haskell axle and the Appleby spring. There's nothing we can do about it. . . . It's getting awfully late. I'll make a cup of tea and then we must get to bed."

"Oh dear," said Jack. "Well, I suppose I could sleep in this armchair——"

"It looks very comfortable," said Rosalind firmly.

And that—after Mr. Pipe had done a further quiet service—is why the Haskell-Appleby Buckingdon Super-Sports is today one of the finest motor cars on the road, particularly as regards its axles and springs. THE END

THE BUSTLING OPTIMISTS BORROW PROSPERITY

Continued from page 23

callings considered fitting for an educated young Turk were the army and government service. Even today, in Istanbul, a large part of the shops are Greek or Jewish; in Ankara, the country's capital, there are few big shops at all.

So when Atatürk decided that Turkey must industrialize, he really had no choice. The state had to go into business, and there it remains today, working through the agency of various state-backed finance banks—the E.T.I. Bank (which controls heavy industry), the Sümer Bank (which handles the textile undertakings), the Deniz Bank (which runs the state steamships), and so on.

But in 1955 this sixth white arrow, State Socialism, is already beginning to look a little bent.

For Turks are becoming reconciled to the idea of making money. Rags-to-riches stories begin to be heard about the land. It is said that Adana, the centre of the cotton boom, is a town of 150 millionaires. "When I drive into Adana, and see all the signs on the roadside advertising hotels, garages and so on," a young American-trained Turk said to me, "I almost feel that I am back in the United States again."

In towns like Adana, Kayseri, Diyarbakir and Iskanderon, new hotels, flat-blocks, small factories are shooting up all over the place. Most of this new money, made in commerce, is no doubt being put—in the Middle East tradition—into land and buildings. But some is being coaxed into industry, too. A year or two ago seventy-five per cent of all textile production in Turkey was in the hands of the Sümer Bank; the figure now is less than fifty per cent.

THIS new "free enterprise" approach has been the main distinctive principle of the Democrat Party's administration. But the government's actions are controlled, as Atatürk's were, by the country's needs and capacities. It is characteristic of Turkey today that both the old paternalistic state system and the new private enterprise section are both being rapidly extended.

As in other sides of Turkish life, the strains involved in thus living in two worlds are considerable. In the state system, pay for the managerial classes is very low; even the general manager of the Sümer Bank, with immense responsibilities, gets only about £15 a week. Most state managers could earn three times their present salaries in private industry. But most of them received

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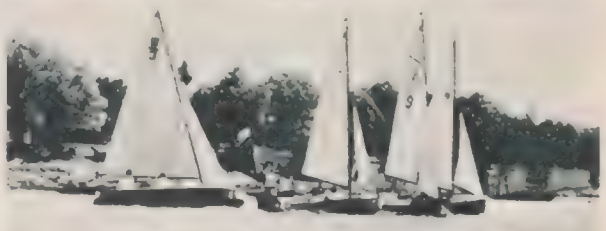

The Royal Air Force *Flying ...and a career*

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their training at the expense of the state—and are obliged to pay back two years' service for every single year's training. Some managers have fourteen-year sentences to work off.

Perhaps the most spectacular evidence that this new force, the profit motive, has now been really let loose in Turkey is provided by the fantastic proliferation of the commercial banks. Great neon signs all over the towns proclaim the virtues of this bank and that. To attract business, the banks not only pay interest on small accounts, but also give away lottery prizes with them. The client gets a ticket and number with each hundred liras or so deposited—and a monthly chance of drawing a house, a plot of land, a car—or having his deposit multiplied by ten at the bank's expense. Even the stately old Ottoman bank has had to run lotteries.

The bank boom is, of course, only one aspect of a wider boom. The mere statistics are dazzling. In three years, tractors multiplied by nine hundred per cent; farm acreages increased by twenty-five per cent; cotton output went up by three hundred per cent; port capacity—new harbours are being built all round the coasts—went up by 250 per cent; wheat production doubled. By 1952, gross national output was estimated to be forty-one per cent higher than in 1949, while the average income per head had increased by twelve per cent.

"A year or two ago," the manager of a textile factory said to me, "you could say there were only five million customers in Turkey. The rest were peasants on barest subsistence. But now, well, I reckon we have a million new customers every year. . . ."

Foreign business men in Turkey regard these volcanic developments with more mixed emotions—even with frank alarm. For this great expansion is being financed on foreign credit. And the bills are not being paid. Instead, as her plans develop, Turkey is plunging farther and farther into the red. And now, having already expanded her agricultural production so fast, there is little left that she can do quickly to increase her exports and so start clearing the backlog of debt.

ALREADY some foreign firms have cut off supplies. When I was in Istanbul, eighty of the city's new buses were about to be taken off the road for lack of spare parts. To conserve foreign exchange, Turkish citizens may no longer travel outside their own country. Students cannot obtain essential foreign textbooks.

A newspaper quoted an old Turkish saying: "A man must stretch his feet according to the length of his quilt." The quilt, the writer concluded, had lengthened ten per cent; but the man in the bed was sticking out his feet thirty per cent.

But if the Turks are got into a corner and compelled to face this prospect of national bankruptcy, the retort is always the same: "Well, then, the Americans must help us. After all, it is we, the Turks, who are holding the bridge against Communism for the world."

It is an excellent last word. Through the floods of dollars it has brought forth, it has been the foundation of Turkey's present prosperity. It may yet serve to get the roof on.

The Turks and the Americans have at least this one quality in common: they talk big and think big. Turkey is littered with vast structures, conceived in some moment of grandeur—and still unfinished. There is the great opera house in Taksim Square, Istanbul, started ten years ago—and still exposing its naked frame to the sky. There are the new university buildings, new thirteen years ago, but still building. There is the great parliament house in Ankara, rising these seventeen years. . . .

Will the new Turkey, too, prove to be one more grand design which was started—and never finished?

As Athenians on Sundays make their way up to the Acropolis to enjoy the air and commune, as it were, with the spirit of their nation, so the citizens of Ankara climb the long road that winds up the hill to the massive block of the Atatürk Mausoleum, high above the city. In Ankara one Sunday I followed them.

I STOOD there for a long time on the hilltop, watching the people coming and going, approaching quietly down that long avenue with its tall poplars and its stone Hittite lions, crossing the vast ceremonial courtyard, slowly climbing the long marble steps, wandering, dwarfed, through the soaring colonnades, moving reverently around the great cool hall to the black marble sarcophagus where Atatürk lies.

From the great stone platform of the mausoleum, one can look out clear across the Ankara plain, across the broad, tree-lined boulevards of the new city Atatürk created to the crumbling roofs of Old Ankara, piled steeply on its hillside, crowned by its great stone fort below which the Turks did battle with the Tartars in the year 1402.

Crossing to the other side of the mausoleum, one looked out over a very different scene—the cheerful red roofs of a middle-class housing estate. And one knew that if one were to go and knock at the door of any of those pleasant modest dwellings, one would be greeted by members of a vigorous, public-spirited, expanding middle-class, people of many skills and ambitions, citizens, not only of the new Turkey, but of this atomic world.

Up on the hilltop, I saw that three soldiers, three anonymous khaki bundles, enveloped in their lumpish greatcoats, had stopped to stare at the gigantic figures that stand at the entrance to the approach avenue, symbolizing the qualities of the new Turkey.

Where had they come from? I wondered. Some village of mud-and-stone huts on a hillside beyond Kars? And just how much had they in common with the neatly dressed, knowledgeable middle-class Turkish citizens who lived in the small houses below?

More, perhaps, than I suspected. For the gulfs in this nation, vast as they are, are beginning to close. The middle class expands. The horizons in the villages widen.

There was a remark I kept hearing: "Oh, if only you could have seen us ten years ago! Then you would know how much we have progressed!"

Will the Turks live up to the challenge of this vast mausoleum on the Ankara hilltop? Can they fulfil the destiny Atatürk outlined for them? Will the world yet know another great, vital, progressive democracy, a spiritual as well as physical bridge between Europe and Asia?

No one can yet say—though it is certain that fifty years hence Turkey will be as different from the Turkey of Atatürk as Atatürk's Turkey was from the Turkey of Caliph and Sultan. And those who judge the prospects of a nation by its people rather than by statistics will not lack hope for the outcome.

THE END

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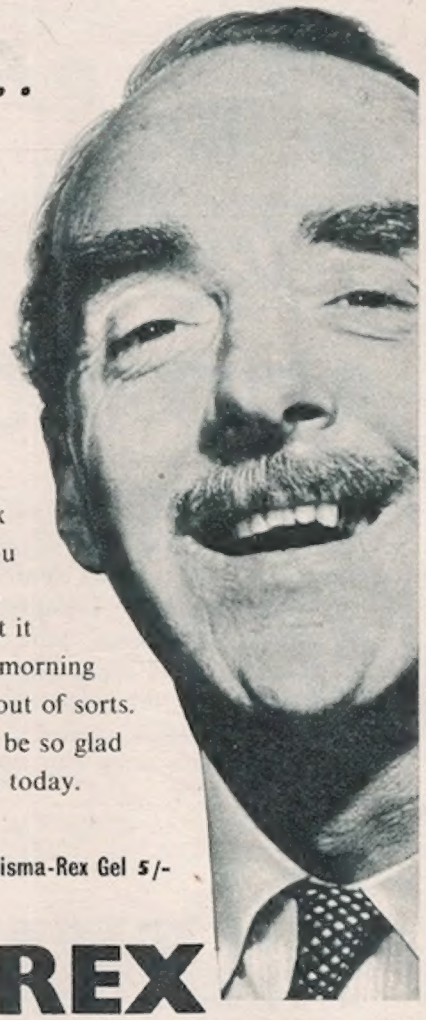

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BRIAN RIX LAUGHS LONGEST

Continued from page 17

have established the Whitehall as a home of comedy rivalling the Aldwych farce.

Reluctant Heroes, which played for four years to become one of London's longest runs, brought in three-quarters of a million customers, and *Dry Rot*, his current production, has been playing to packed houses for more than a year.

Rix has reached the super-tax class through shrewdness and a willingness to gamble that has given him a lead over his seniors.

In 1952 the showing of the film of *Reluctant Heroes*—in which he played a part—brought the theatre's takings down considerably from their average of around £2,000 a week. Although West End managements had been shying away from B.B.C. offers to televise their plays through fear of the effect on attendances, Rix arranged with TV for the broadcast of a forty-five minute excerpt.

His gamble was watched closely by his rivals, most of whom regarded the move as theatrical suicide. Within ten minutes of the ending of the broadcast, the box office of the Whitehall was inundated with telephone callers seeking bookings and a long queue had formed at the box office at ten o'clock the next day. Takings went up for the rest of the run.

Alongside his businesslike opportunism, however, Rix retains a desire for approval that makes him particularly sensitive to audience reaction. During the run of *Reluctant Heroes*, Rix had the laughter ratio checked with a stopwatch. He claimed the resultant figure of 48.9 per cent of the play's running time as a record. Competitors pointed out that no one else had taken the trouble to compete on the mathematical level.

RIX's microscopic analysis of the Whitehall public's comedy requirements has left him knowing exactly what he wants for the theatre. He searched for four years for a play to succeed *Reluctant Heroes*, reading and rejecting scores of plays by well-known comedy authors and keeping half a dozen in cold storage for more than a year at a cost of several hundred pounds for the options.

He chose *Dry Rot*, a farce written by his own understudy, John Chapman, instantly. "It was the only one that was tailor-made for the Whitehall," he says. "The professional writers' efforts were phoney instead of funny."

The formula that Rix seeks is a combination of broad comedy and a measure of realism that will appeal to ordinary people. "Ideally, the comedy, however wild, must remain within the bounds of possibility," he says, "and a comfortable inevitability is essential. A Whitehall audience seems to like to know from the beginning that at some point one of us will lose his trousers and that the final curtain will fall on complete chaos."

His concern for the continuing approval of his audiences leads him to an obsessive preoccupation with new ways of producing laughs, and he has an almost non-stop flow of ideas for slapstick effects.

"It is always possible to tell when he has had a new idea on-stage," says Larry Noble, another Whitehall veteran. "He giggles quietly to himself for the rest of the act. It usually wrecks the performance when it occurs, but pays off in the next."

Rix works hard to promote among his colleagues and friends the happy relationship that he gets with his audiences. He has a sentimental regard for anyone who has worked for him and takes an active interest in the careers of players who leave him to join other theatres.

He began his theatrical career at seventeen when he joined Donald Wolfit's company. He went into theatrical management in 1947 with the backing of his father, a Hull shipowner, and an uncle.

His first venture was to open a repertory theatre at Ilkley. Determined that his productions should lack nothing in opulence, he spent lavishly on settings. For a production of *The Eagle Has Two Heads*, he spent more than £100 on a property staircase, although the play was scheduled for only a week's run.

But his opening night as an actor-manager was disastrous. The curtain went up on an elaborate set, but one-half of it promptly came down again when a rope broke.

THE opening proved a bad omen. In a twenty-eight week season Rix lost over £3,000 and decided on a move to a larger theatre at Bridlington. He remained there for two years and started another repertory company at Margate. The slump in theatre attendances, due to the increasing popularity of television, hit him badly. By 1950 he was showing a deficit of nearly £10,000.

Late in 1949 he spotted the title of *Reluctant Heroes* in a theatrical magazine. He liked the name and sent for the script. "I never stopped laughing from start to finish," he says. "It was the funniest play I had ever read."

The farce had been available for five years but had had only a small number of provincial showings. Rix decided to gamble on a provincial tour.

After five months of full houses in the provinces, he was confident enough to offer it to the Whitehall Theatre, which was seeking a replacement for *Worm's Eye View*.

The theatre's lessees shared his enthusiasm for the play and he moved into London in March, 1950. The play caught on immediately and within a year Rix had recovered the whole of his £10,000 and was beginning to show a profit.

His first London home was a two-roomed flat in Holland Park. Today he has a large house and garden at Roehampton, where he lives with his wife and baby daughter Louisa, and runs two cars.

In spite of the steady increase in his stature as a theatrical manager, Rix pays close attention to his acting performances. After watching himself playing Gregory in the film of *Reluctant Heroes*, he decided that his portrayal was too aggressive. He completely altered his approach to the part for the rest of the stage run.

When he read the first version of *Dry Rot*, he was immensely impressed with the script but saw at once that there was no part suitable for himself. He handed the play back to John Chapman with instruction to roll three minor characters into one. The result, "Fred Phipps," a well-meaning and anxious Yorkshireman, Rix has been playing ever since. THE END

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2. Editor undertakes that all *Bullets* received shall be accorded careful consideration by competent Adjudicators.

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(See "Daily Herald" on Saturday, October 29, for early news of No. 2,009 result.)

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